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**NO. 421.**

# In a Spider's Web.

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ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND  
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CARE-  
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# In a Spider's Web.

MUSICAL FARCE COMEDY

IN THREE ACTS.

— BY —

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kinnaman,

*Authors of "Arrah de Baugh," "Fun Among de Clouds," "Black face entertainments," "The Outcast," "Out of Bondage," "Lone Oak," etc.*

— O —

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

— O —

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# IN A SPIDER'S WEB.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*As played at Montrille Theatre, Toledo, O.*

MICHAEL MCGINNIS, M. P. ....	Mr. Frank Coghlin.
TANNER, ( <i>proprietor of hotel</i> ).....	Mr. Clark Howe.
FLY, ( <i>his colored porter</i> ) .....	Mr. Jas. La Roche.
CHARLES, ( <i>his clerk</i> ).....	Mr. S. M. Bartlett.
HENRY, ( <i>Kid, the bull boy</i> ).....	Mr. Warren Kinnaman.
ADOLPHUS FITZNOODLE, ( <i>very clerical</i> ).....	Mr. Claud Johnson.
HANS VONDERBLINKENSONHOPPENSTINER, ( <i>from the clouds</i> ).....	Mr. John Rogers.
SPORT SPIDER.....	Mr. Fred. Ryan.
MISS REBECCA JONES, ( <i>from Vermont</i> ).....	Mrs. C. E. Kinnaman.
ZOE TANNER, ( <i>in love</i> ) .....	Miss Mame Scofield.
PET TANNER, ( <i>the rump</i> ).....	Miss Bessie Murray.
MRS. SPORT SPIDER, ( <i>the flirt</i> ).....	Miss Frank Kinnaman.
MISS WILLARD, ( <i>the vocalist</i> ).....	Miss Lillian Spies.

—X—

*TIME—The present.*

—X—

*PLACE—Any summer resort—Drop Inn.*

—X—

*TIME OF PLAYING—2 hours.*

—X—

NOTE: Any specialty can be introduced in 2nd act. Miss Willard can be omitted and her part spoken by Zoe. Characters in last act can dress in outing costume to suit their fancy.

—X—

## COSTUMES.

MCGINNIS.—White plug hat, fancy shirt, large tie, plaid pants and vest, light coat and linen duster, red hair and slippers.

TANNER.—Act 1st. and 2nd.; modern business suit. Act 3rd.; red and black plaid coat and pants, outing shirt and belt.

FLY.—Black pants, white coat and apron.

CHARLES.—Modern business suit, mustache.

KID.—Act 1st. and 2nd.; boys modern knee suit. Act 3rd.; to represent a Jew peddler.

ADOLPHUS.—Dude costume.

HANS.—Very ragged.

SPORT.—Act 1st. and 2nd.; modern business suit. Act 3rd., full beard, old clothes.

MISS JONES.—Regular down East old maid, very large hoops. The same in last act, only very extravagant.

ZOE.—Neat house dress.

PET.—Modern house dress, short skirts, long white sack apron.

MRS. SPIDER.—Act 1st., traveling suit. Act 2nd., fancy house dress.

# IN A SPIDER'S WEB.

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## ACT I.

*SCENE.*—*Lawn—set house R., sign on house, "Drop Inn"; table L. C., chairs R. and L. of table; bench down R., small table and chair up L.*

*Enter PET and KID, L., 3 E.—PET leading KID with rope around his neck, he crying—business of choking—PET holding an old delapidated doll by one foot.*

*Pet.* Come alone here, you broke my doll's head and I'm going to tell Guardy on you. *(business)*

*Kid.* I—I—I didn't go to—

*Pet.* Yes you did—you had no business to play injun and throw the hatchet at it. *(shows doll)*

*Kid.* All right Miss Pet, I know somethin' and I won't tell you, so I won't.

*Pet.* What is it Henry? Please tell me.

*Kid.* No sir! I won't do it!

*Pet.* Oh! please tell me—I won't like you one bit.

*Kid.* *(laughs)* Gee whiz! you don't like me no how—cause you'r all time teasing and tormenting me.

*Pet.* *(takes off rope)* Oh! Henry, I won't do so again—that's a good ootsie tootsie—please tell me.

*Kid.* If I tell you, will you promise not to abuse me any more?

*Pet.* Yep.

*Kid.* Or you won't trip and throw me down stairs any more? *(PET nods)* Nor steal my gum?

*Pet.* Yep.

*Kid.* Nor—nor—

*Pet.* Yes—yes—only tell me.

*Kid.* *(looks around)* No one here? Well, I didn't go to bed last night till late—I was sitting in the office talking to Fly—when—now guess what I seen?

*Pet.* Oh! I can't guess—tell me quick.

*Kid.* *(looks around)* Well, about eleven o'clock we heard a racket out here on the lawn.

*Pet.* What kind of a racket?

---

*Kid.* It sounded like some one in distress, so Fly and I went out the back door and around the house, and then—we seen—

*Pet.* (*anxious*) Yes—yes—seen what?

*Kid.* Why, your Guardy and the stage driver full as—

*Tanner.* (*in house, calls*) Pet! Pet!

(*KID and PET hide back of house, quickly*)

*Enter TANNER, from house, in shirt sleeves, carrying pitcher of water.*

Wonder where the devil that girl is? (*calls in faint voice*) Henry! (*then drinks from pitcher*) Don't know what makes me so thirsty this morning, it seems as if my throat was parched dry, (*drinks, comes down to table*) and my head (*feels it*) feels like a big empty barrel. (*drinks*) Can't just remember what happened—have a slight recollection of being some place last night, but can't see what makes me so thirsty? I know we had plenty to eat and drink.

*Enter PET, from back of house.*

*Pet.* (*comes forward*) Say, Guardy, did you eat any blind robbins?

*Tan.* Blind robbins, what's that?

*Pet.* Why, dried herring.

*Enter KID, from back of house.*

*Kid.* (*comes down*) Maybe cook put too much salt in your supper? You know salt will make one thirsty.

*Tan.* (*looks around*) No sir! (*drinks*) I guess I know what I eat and when my food is too salty—I am naturally thirsty—where is everybody this morning? Where's Zoe?

*Pet.* She went to the village to get something for the cook.

*Tan.* And where's Charles?

*Kid.* He went long with Zoe.

*Tan.* (*excited*) He did, eh? I wonder if that's what I pay him for. See here, Henry, you go up to room 66 and get my coat and hat, and Pet, you go to your room and study your lesson.

(*KID starts R., PET at back, TANNER sits on bench R. and goes to sleep*)

*Pet.* (*aside*) I guess not. (*becons for KID to come to her—alone*) Let's skip down to the lake?

*Kid.* (*attitude*) Lead on, McDuff, I follow.

(*exit PET and KID, back of house*)

*Enter FLY, from house, slowly, has a card with figure 66 on it.*

*Fly.* (*at c.*) Wonder whar all de folks am? Here it is nearly 9 o'clock and none of de guests had breakfast yet. (*laughs*) By golly, Massa Tanner was out wif de boys last night. (*laughs*) You ought to see'd him when he comed home. He was trying to put some of de guests to bed, and dey was trying to put him to bed, and of all de mixed up mess you eber seen. Massa Tanner's room is No. 66, and in No. 99 de colored cook she sleeps—Massa Tanner must been standin' on his head last night, for he was bound to go to room 99, said he guessed he could tell 99 from 66. (*turns and discovers TANNER asleep on bench, holding pitcher*) By golly, dar he is now. (*goes to him*) Massa Tanner, de cook wants to see you at once.

*Tan.* She does, eh? (*FLY laughs*) Well, what you laughing at?



*Fly.* (*laughs*) Massa Tanner, can you read?

*Tan.* (*surprised*) Read?

*Fly.* Yes, does you know all de figures in de alphabet?

*Tan.* Well, do I look like a fool? Certainly I know all the figures.  
(*comes c.*)

*Fly.* (*holds up card with figure 66 on it*) What number am dat?

*Tan.* Why 99 to be sure.

*Fly.* (*inserts card*) What figure am dat?

*Tan.* Sixty-six of course.

*Fly.* Yes, now if I holds dat card so it reads 66, and you was standing on your head and looked at it, what would it be?

*Tan.* Why 99.

*Fly.* (*laughs*) Dat settles it.

*Tan.* What are you laughing at? (*starts toward FLY*)

*Fly.* Guess you was standing upside down last night, cause when you come home, you was bound to go to room 99, said dat was your room.  
(*laughs*)

*Tan.* Why, that's the colored cook's room.

*Fly.* I know it, but you said dat it was your room.

*Tan.* (*excited, starts for house*) Bet I made a fool of myself.

*Fly.* (*looks after him, laughs*) By golly, I tell you, de governor don't know what to do. (*yawns and stretches*) Golly, I'se sleepy, I is.  
(*goes to bench, lies down and soon sleeps—business ad. lib.*)

*Enter PET, from back of house, laughing.*

*Pet.* (*comes down c.*) Guess that will learn him a lesson. Henry is so stage struck,

*Enter KID, from back of house, reading a book.*

and he is always reading—

*Kid.* Shakespeare—Wm. Shakespeare, you know Willie, don't you? Why, he's the author of **that** noble hero, Romeo.

(*FLY awakes*)

*Pet.* Romeo, who was she?

(*both come down c.*)

*Kid.* Don't know Romeo! Why, he's the kid that loved Jule—Juliet was his sweetheart. Listen, (*reads from book*) "Juliet weeping, Oh! Romeo, where art thou?"

*Fly.* (*aside*) Out here fast asleep.

*Kid.* (*reading and walking backward*) "We like the heroes of old, must fall."  
(*stumbles and falls on back*)

*Pet.* (*laughs and assists him up*) Did Romeo fall?

*Kid.* (*arises and looks at book*) Let's see, where was I?

*Pet.* Why, the last place was on the ground. Oh! Henry, why don't you stop reading Shakespeare and learn a trade?

*Kid.* What work—me work? (*attitude*) These little hands were never made to work. The throbs of ambition that beat within this noble heart, are not those of common labor. My name must be carried down in history with those of other great men.

*Pet.* I think if Guardy sees you, he'll put a period to your great ambition.  
(*goes and looks in window*)

*Kid.* Do I understand, Miss Impudence, that your parental ancestor would wipe me from the face of this terrestrial globe—or in

other words, stop my existence here?

*Pet.* (*attitude*) That's the idea exactly. (*face to face*)

*Kid.* All is well that ends well—I am now supposed to be extinct—see—"Oh! Juliet, I thought the day was near at hand when I could call you me own, but alas, the course of true love never did run smooth." Say Pet, do you know we—that is I— you said that—I said—I believe I—I was going to say—

*Pet.* Well, say something. (*grabs his arm*)

*Kid.* I was thinking—that is—I wonder if your dad would ever become my father-in-law.

*Pet.* Why, how could he be, he's dead.

*Kid.* Very easy—you know I love my little Pet. (*starts toward her*)

*Pet.* Don't mention it to Guardy, or he'll fire you out.

*Kid.* (*attitude*) Ah! ha! absence makes the heart grow fonder—distance lends enchantment.

*Pet.* Yes, but then we are too young.

*Kid.* (*on knees*) Oh! listen, my own true love, I — (*FLY snores*)

*Pet.* { What's that? (*they look around*) I don't see anything.

*Kid.* { *Pet.* (*discovers FLY*) Look there—what's that? (*points to FLY*)

*Kid.* Othello fast asleep.

*Pet.* Let's have some fun with him?

*Kid.* Get the rope Pet, and we'll bind the captive. (*PET gets rope and they tie FLY to bench*) Alas poor Yorick, and hast thou to this complexion come at last.

*Pet.* Put this stick on his lap.

*KID places stick on FLY's lap—PET on R. and KID on L. of FLY—attitude—business of tickling FLY's nose, then hide behind bench.*

*Fly.* (*asleep*) Dem skeeters mighty bad around here—fellow can't never sleep. (*PET and KID torment him, FLY awakes*) Dog-on dem flies! (*goes to grab stick, discovers he is tied, PET and KID run out*) Wonder who done dat? Bet \$4.50 de governordone found me asleep and done gone tied me here. (*trys to get loose*) No use—now if de old man did not do dis and he comes here and see's me, dar's gwine to be trouble sure. (*looks around*) Wish de kid was here

*Enter PET, L. E.*

*Pet.* Why Fly, what's the matter?

*Fly.* Nuffin', I'se just resting my weary bones.

*Enter KID, R. E.*

*Kid.* Pet, where is Fly? (*sees FLY*) Why Fly, what's the matter with you?

*Fly.* Matter nuff. Did you see them robbers?

*Kid.* { (*startled*) What robbers?

*Pet.* {

*Fly.* Come here I tole you. (*both go to FLY, one on either side of him*) You see, I came out here to see de govenor, when two big men came and pointed dere disolvers at me and told me to frow up my hands, den dey made me sit on dis bench, and den dey took dis rope and tied me up, and den dey put dat stick in my mouth, and den

dey told me if I opened my mouth, dey would kill me dead on de spot.

*Kid.* Say, Fly, if that stick was in your mouth, how in the world did it get down on your lap, when your hands were both tied?

*Fly.* (*aside*) Dat's so. (*aloud*) Well, you see, my bref was so strong, dat it broke de rope. (*all laugh*)

*Kid.* Say, Pet, that looks like our rope.

*Pet.* Yes sir! the one I lead you with. Give it to me, Fly.

*Fly.* How can I give it to you? Doesn't you see my hands tied? You jist untie dis rope and you can have it. (*untie FLY*) Now come here and I will show you how dem robbers done. Here Pet, you sit down on dis chair, and you Henry, sit down long side of her. Dat's de way—now I be de robber. (*ties them in chair*) Dat's de way. (*gets feather and torments them—business*) Why don't you laugh?

*Pet.* (*crying*) I'll tell Guardy on you—you nasty black thing you. (*work this up*)

*Fly.* (*laughs*) Who's black? (*tickles Kid*)

*Kid.* I want out of this.

*Fly.* What for you tie me for? I se gwine to leave you here till the old man comes, den look out for a squall. (*start toward house*)

*Pet.* I know something on you and I'll tell Guardy on you too, then he'll fire you away from here,

*FLY goes to PET, whispers in her ear, she nods yes—FLY unties them—song and dance introduced by KID, PET and FLY, if desired—noise heard in house.*

*Fly.* Dare's de old man—eberybody scoot, (*exeunt L. E.*)

*Enter TANNER, from house, R., followed by ZOE.*

*Tan.* No use talking, you must drop that clerk. (*comes down c.*) I'll see who's boss. My daughter marry a hotel clerk! Well, I guess not—you must marry a duke, a foreign duke, or the—

(*exit ZOE, L. E., weeping*)

*Enter FITZ, L. E., on a wheel.*

(*TANNER sees FITZ, surprised*) The devil!

*Fitz.* (*dismounts*) Well I nevah! he takes me for Satin. Do I look like him? (*to TANNER*) Is the L. L. in?

*Tan.* The L. L.?

*Fitz.* Yes, the Landlord. (*places wheel against bench*)

*Tan.* (*aside*) Oh! my head. (*aloud*) Well yes. (*sits at table with back to audience, calls*) Fly! Fly!

*Enter FLY, from house.*

*Fly.* (*sees TANNER asleep*) Poor fellow. (*laughs, sees FITZ*) For de Lord's sake, what am dot.

*Fitz.* (*business with eye-glass*) Ah! a servant perhaps. Porter! Porter! take my baggage, sir!

(*hands FLY a very small valise with shoulder strap*)

*Fly.* Yes sir! first, second, third or fourth floor, single or double room, or bridal chamber?

*Fitz.* First floor please.

*Fly.* Yes, sir! (*aside*) Dat am de cellar. (*aloud*) Dis way, sir!  
(*goes toward house*)

*Enter MRS. SPIDER, from house, goes to L.—FITZ with glass, looking at MRS. SPIDER as she comes to L., business of courtesy, etc.*

*Mrs. Spider.* (*aside*) Delightful isn't he—an easy catch.  
(*goes to bench, turns and flirts with FITZ*)

*Fitz.* (*at house, aside*) By George, dead mashed on me at once—  
deuced elevah girl, eh? (*flirts*)

*Fly.* (*pulling at his coat*) Dis way, sir!  
(*goes in house and closes door on FITZ's coat tail*)

*Fitz.* (*business with coat*) Open the door! open the door, or I shall  
expire on the mat. (*MRS. SPIDER flirts with FITZ and exit C. E.*)  
Caught at last—open the door I say. (*FLY opens door*)

*Enter FLY, from house, and pushes FITZ in house—FITZ puts head out of  
door as FLY closes door, catches FITZ's head between door and door  
frame—business ad lib.*

*Fly.* Guest No. 1. Wonder whar de old man is? (*sees TANNER  
on chair*) Well did you eber! dar he is, full as a boiled owl, and to-  
day de House opens for de guests. A mighty fine deceptable dey'll  
hab. Now I'se got to get de old man out of dis. Here I got to be de  
landlord, porter, bell boy, cook and chambermaid, all for \$1.50 a  
week, been here free weeks, got nuffin' yet, but I'se habin' lot's of  
fun and going to hab more. (*sung by FLY*)

*Enter PET, from house—goes to FLY.*

Say, sis, look at that chromo. (*points to TANNER*) Go and get a  
frame for it.

*Pet.* No, let me fix him. Now Guardy, just hold still a little  
while and I'll pay you back for shutting me up in the attic. Fly,  
get me the ink bottle and the mucilage. (*exit FLY, into house*)

*Re-enter FLY, from house, with ink and mucilage.*

I told you I'd get even. (*TANNER should have a very bald wig—PET  
paints face of monkey on his bald wig, so that hair of wig forms the  
whiskers on monkey face*) Henry says that it's a long road that has no  
turn—

*Enter KID, L. E.*

*Kid.* Yes, or a crooked rail that won't split straight.

*Fly.* Dat looks like McGinnis. (*looks at TANNER's head*) Say,  
kid's, what we going to do wif it? (*points to TANNER*)

*Kid.* Ha! ha! I've an idea—we'll introduce him to the hidden  
mysteries of the black art—we'll initiate him. Come on, let's give  
him the first degree. (*they put TANNER on all fours*) Now Fly, you  
be the Royal Bumper, and give it to him hard, then we'll skip.

*FLY plays part of goat and bumps TANNER in rear, then all run off in  
different directions—cork this up—business ad lib., but rush.*

*Tan.* (*awakes*) Oh! my head—I must have fallen off that chair.

(*arises, takes drink from pitcher*) Oh! that's refreshing, but my poor head—guess I'd better go to bed. (*exit into house*)

*Enter FLY, L. E.*

*Enter CHARLES, from house.*

*Charles.* Fly, where's Mr. Tanner?

*Fly.* Don't know Massa Charles, hain't seed him for free—two hours.

*Chas.* That's good. Fly, when he comes, let me know. (*aside*) I will go and see Zoe and complete arrangements for our marriage to-night. I'll teach the governor a lesson. (*bell heard in house*) Fly, there's a bell ringing, go and see what's wanted.

*Fly* (*exit into house*) Yes, sir!

*Chas.* I got the governor drunk last night, and started him again this morning, and—

*Enter ZOE, from house, rushes to CHARLES.*

*Zoe.* Oh! dear Charles, I'm so nervous I don't know what to do. I am fearful of the act we are about to commit. I know papa will never forgive us.

*Chas.* Have no fear, darling, the old man will relent in time.

*Zoe.* I can't believe so. You know papa's temper, and he has a will of his own.

*Chas.* Oh! he'll be all right—have no fear.

*Zoe.* Charles, don't you think you had better ask papa again? Here he comes now, I'll retire, and you can talk to him.

(*goes up L. and listens to conversation*)

*Enter TANNER, from house.*

*Tan.* Good-morning, Charles.

*Chas.* (*aside*) Well, he's in a good humor, I guess. (*crosses to R. aloud*) Good-morning, Mr. Tanner.

*Enter KID, from back of house.*

Henry, take this wheel to the baggage room. (*KID rides wheel off R.*)

*Tan.* (*sits at table*) Charles, how many vacant rooms are they?

*Chas.* Seven, I think.

*Tan.* That's good. I expect several guests on the evening stage. (*ZOE motions to CHARLES*)

*Chas.* (*embarrassed*) Mr. Tanner—I—that is—we—I mean—you know for a long time Zoe and I have—that is—she—you—I should say—

*Tan.* Well, what are you talking about? (*ZOE makes gestures*)

*Chas.* Well, I—don't know myself, but as I was saying—why do you object to my—my—marrying Zoe?

*Tan.* I have no objection at all to your marrying Zoe. (*ZOE comes down to CHARLES, unseen by TANNER*) But I do object to Zoe marrying you. I have repeatedly told you that I would choose a husband for Zoe, (*turns and sees her*) and you, why will you aggravate me by entertaining this pauper. (*to CHARLES*) Begone! quit my sight!

*Chas.* (*crosses to R.*) Not until my three months wages are paid me.

*Enter FLY, from house, goes to bench and sleeps.*

*Tan.* (*embarrassed*) Eh! young man, I am sorry I cannot meet your demands, but stay, you can remain, but don't let me catch you talking to Zoe again—my child, go in the house, I will explain all.

*Enter KID, R. E., reading.*

*Kid.* "A horse—a horse—my kingdom for a horse." (*all turn to Kid*) Did you see him?

*Ones.* Who?

*Kid.* McGinnis. (*TANNER starts for KID, who rushes off L.*

*Tan.* I'll discharge that boy before night. Come my girl.

(*exit TANNER and ZOE into house*)

*Chas.* Well, this is tough. Now what the governor has against me I don't know, but one thing is certain, I'll outwit him yet. Wonder where Fly is? (*sees FLY asleep on bench*) Well, did you ever! just as soon as that black rascal sits down, he falls asleep.

(*goes to FLY, slaps him on shoulder*)

*Fly.* I'm here.

*Chas.* Yes, I see, asleep as usual.

*Fly.* Who's asleep?

*Chas.* Why you was.

*Fly.* Look a here, Massa Charles, I isn't done slept any for two weeks.

*Kid.* (*at C. E.*) Is he here?

*Fly.* ) Who?

*Chas.* )

*Kid.* McGinnis. (*runs across stage, laughing and exit L. E.*

*Chas.* You go to the post office right away quick—now hurry back, for the stage coach will soon be here.

*Fly.* Yes, sir! (*starts C., then turns back*) Is he coming?

*Chas.* Who?

*Fly.* McGinnis.

(*rushes off C., laughing, CHARLES throws chair at him*)

*Kid.* (*in E.*) Did you hit him?

*Chas.* Who?

*Kid.* McGinnis.

(*exit C. E., laughing, CHARLES, exits into house, excited*)

*Enter FITZ, from house.*

*Fitz.* Ah! I wonder where the charming creature is? By George, I weally believe she is dead gone on me—weally fascinating by George—I shall make her acquaintance. I wonder where everybody is?

*Enter PET, C. E.*

(*glances to eye*) Charming little creature, by George. Ah! my dear, do you belong here?

*Pet.* Well, I should smile.

*Fitz.* Ah! th—th—that's good, by George. May I ask your name?

*Pet.* Well I should blush.

*Fitz.* (*laughs*) Good again. Well, my dear, what is it?

*Pet.* (*looks at him from head to foot*) Give it up, by George.

(*imitate FITZ*)

*Fitz.* I—I mean my deah, what is your name?

*Pet.* My name is—ah—Pet—ah—

*Fitz.* Charming, by George.

*Pet.* Well sir, being you are so inquisitive, what is your name and what are you?

*Enter FLY, c. E.*

*Fly.* I just caged it—who let it out?

*Fitz.* Ah! porter, erase the country soil from my clothes.

*Fly.* Yes, sir! (*gets a shovel from back of house, exit PET. into house*)

*Fitz.* Ah! ha! what are you going to do with that agricultural implement?

*Fly.* Cultivate de soil.

(*business*)

*Fitz.* I—I mean dust my clothes—how stupid.

(*exit FLY, into house*)

*Re-enter FLY, from house with small broom and brush.*

I wonder where she is, deucedly fine girl that, by George. (*business of brushing FITZ's clothes, ad. lib.*) Can you direct me to a tonsorial bazar?

*Fly.* Teivitchity cigar?

*Fitz.* Tonsorial bazar, or barber shop.

*Fly.* Dar's none here—de one dat is here—moved away before he came.

*Fitz.* Ah! then there is no place where I can get my hair dressed?

*Fly.* What you want, your hair dressed? Just you sit right down on dat chair!

*Fitz.* Are you a tonsorial artist?

(*sits on chair*)

*Fly.* Dat's what I am. (*business*) What you want, bobtail, four-in-hand or pompadour?

*Fitz.* Pompadour.

(*business of arranging FITZ in chair*)

NOTE:—Fitz should have wig of rather long hair to match his own. Natural hair should be cut pompadour, and wig should be made so that hair can be taken off in sections. Fly takes large shears and cuts hair off until Fitz appears in neat cut pompadour.

*Fly.* Just as easy—shave or shampoo?

*Fitz.* (*feels his face*) You can remove the superfluous hair from my face. Be very careful of my mustache.

*Fly.* (*examines face with small telescope, which he gets from house*) You better put a coxer on dem. Powder?

*Fitz.* A little Florida water first.

*FLY takes large syringe and throws water in FITZ's face, takes large bellows filled with flour and blows over FITZ's face—FLY rushes out as*

*Enter Mrs. SPIDER, from house—sees FITZ, laughs—FITZ embarrassed.*

*Mrs. S.* Beg pardon for this intrusion. I was not aware any one was here. As it is rather lonesome, I thought I would stroll down to the beach.

*Fitz.* (*arises*) Ah! with your permission it would afford me great pleasure.

*Mrs. S.* Certainly, but (*looks at his face*) had you not better com-

plete your toilet?

*Fitz.* (*embarrassed*) Ah! I was so enraptured I—I forgot, with your permission I will retire for the present into the house, but I shall return again—I said I would and so I will, 'pon my sacred honor.

(*exit into house*)

*Mrs. S.* I will await you here. (*flirts*) How soft, but then he'll do to pass one's time away with until some one better arrives. I came here to enjoy myself and I intend to have my fun.

*Enter FITZ, from house.*

Quite a transformation indeed.

*Fitz.* (*offers arm*) Ah! yes, at your service, my dear!

(*exunt arm in arm, c. E.*)

*Enter TANNER, from house.*

*Tan.* Here it is time for the stage coach. (*listens, then goes to corner of house, looks*) Ah! here it comes now. (*voice heard outside*) Whoa! Ah! at last—what—only one lonely female. I expected half a dozen at least. (*calls*) Fly! Fly!

*Enter FLY, L. E.*

*Fly.* Yes, sir!

*Tan.* There's the coach, hustle now. (*exit FLY, back of house*)

*Enter MISS JONES, from rear of house or C., with bird cage, pet dog, parrot, etc.*

Good morning, Madam. (*takes her valise*)

*Enter FLY, from rear of house, with fifteen or twenty pasteboard boxes, and as he gets C., stumbles and falls—general business.*

*Miss J.* Young man be careful—what in the name of all that's good, do you mean by handling my baggage so roughly? (*TANNER and FLY gather them up, and as fast as they get their arms full, make effort to pick up another, when all fall again—MISS JONES excited—business ad. lib.*) Land of goodness! did I ever!

*Tan.* Nothing damaged, Madam—the accident was caused by the young man taking too big a load. Rest assured it shall not occur again.

*Miss J.* (*counts packages*) Where is my trunk?

*Tan.* (*looks around*) Fly, is there any more baggage outside?

*Fly.* No sir! de trunk will be here on de next stage. Dar was no room for any more on dis load.

*Tan.* All right. Madam, your trunk will be here soon.

(*exit into house with some of the baggage*)

*Miss J.* (*looks around*) Well, if this is what they call a place of rest, I'd rather be back in Vermont.

*Fly.* Wonder what's in dem boxes?

*Miss J.* Young man, you shouldn't be so inquisitive about the affairs of an unprotected female.

*Enter TANNER, from house.*

*Tan.* Fly, show this lady to room 90.



*Miss J.* Yes, the room is what I want. I've been yelled at by hack drivers, serenaded by policemen, jostled around by newsboys, elbowed by niggers ever since I left home, and I'm just all completely all—all in a flutter. I don't feel as if I ever would leave home again to enjoy the glorious climate of the mountains.

*Tan.* We shall make it very pleasant for you while here, Madam. *(exit Miss JONES and FLY, into house, Miss JONES has difficulty in getting in the door, on account of her large hoop skirts—business ad. lib.)* Well, this is encouraging for the first day.

*Kid.* *(at c. e.)* Did you see him?

*Tan.* See who?

*Kid.* McGinnis.

*(rushes across stage, laughing)*

*Tan.* Get out you young rascal. *(exit KID, c. e.)* I don't know what to do with that boy. Guess I'd better send him home to his parents for all the good he does here.

*Enter FLY, from house.*

*Fly.* Did you see him?

*Tan.* *(threatening)* Who?

*Fly.* *(laughs and starts c., meets MCGINNIS)* McGinnis.

*Enter MCGINNIS, c. e.*

*McG.* Och, sure and I'm here.

*Tan.* *(business of taking valise, etc.)* That's all I hear from morning till night, McGinnis here, McGinnis there—McGinnis—

*McG.* Sure and did they expect me so soon? Well, after a long and tedious ride, I got here.

*Tan.* Fly, show this gentleman to room 75. *(to MCGINNIS)* Your name, please?

*McG.* McGinnis, Michael O'Rafferty McGinnis, M. P., from the 13th ward. Now my colored member of congress, I'm ready for the room.

*Fly.* See here, don't you mix me up wif our congress, it's black enough now. *(exit into house)*

*Tan.* There coming all right; I think by to-morrow the house will be full. *(goes up l.)*

*McG.* *(at door)* Yes, if the house 'hain't full, I will be.

*(exit into house, PET heard outside laughing)*

*Enter KID, c. e., lumping and crying.*

*Kid.* I'll tell your dad now, just see if I don't.

*Enter PET, c. e.*

*Pet.* Bah! what do I care. *(catches him by ear)* Just you dare say one word.

*Tan.* Here! here! what's all this trouble about? *(comes down)*

*Pet.* Oh! nothing, Guardy—oh! yes, there is too, we went down to the shore and Henry splashed water all over me and got my new dress all wet, and— *(keep R.)*

*Kid.* *(attitude)* Cease that prevaricating, my lady, or by—

*(crosses to R.)*

*Tan.* *(to KID)* Silence! *(to PET, takes her by ear, goes l.)* Why can't you behave yourself—I'll—I'll—

PET *breaks loose, starts for house, followed by TANNER, KID trips TANNER, who falls.*

Kid. (*crying*) Oh! my leg, my leg!

Tan. Shut up! (*arises*) Darn my buttons, if I don't have—

Pet. Guardy, what did you drop? (*bell heard in house*)

Tan. (*looking for something to throw at her—to KID*) Well, why don't you go in the house and see what that bell is ringing for?

Kid. Alas, my Lord, I know too well. (PET, *dancing, goes to extreme L.*) Look at her. (PET *pretends to cry*)

Tan. (*looks*) I don't see nothing.

Pet. Look at him and you'll see nothing.

Tan. Henry, you go down to the shed and get the wheelbarrow and rake and clean up this yard, (*exit KID, C. E.*) and you young lady, what will I do with you? I guess I'll send you to a convent.

Pet. I don't want to go, so I don't.

Tan. I've got to do something—I can't have you play tomboy before all the guests. No sir! you've got to go—

Pet. I won't go.

PET *starts toward house, followed by TANNER, PET goes in door, and as TANNER is about to enter, she closes door on his arm.*

Tan. (*in pain*) Pet, open that door—open that door, I say, or I'll—I'll—

Pet. (*inside*) All right, Guardy, I'll open it if you won't hurt me.

Tan. Yes—yes—only open the door. (PET *opens door; business, TANNER paces stage*) Oh! if man ever had trouble, I have. I'll—I'll— (*goes up C., then turns and looks at PET*)

Enter KID, L. E., with wheelbarrow, runs barrow between TANNER's legs, he falls into barrow on his back, and KID wheels him off R. E., PET laughing—work this up and fast.

*Enter ZOE, from house.*

Zoe. Pet, what now?

Pet. Oh! sister, you missed the fun. Come here, quick! see, there they go! (*laughs*)

Zoe. Why, what is it, Pet? (*goes to her*)

Pet. Oh! Henry is taking Guardy a ride for his health.

Zoe. Something is wrong. See, papa has fallen out of the wheelbarrow and is running after Henry. Here, they come this way.

Enter KID, R. E., in a rush, followed by TANNER—KID stops suddenly and TANNER falls over him—KID starts to run off, TANNER catches him and leads him down C.

Tan. Now, young man, I'll settle accounts with you in short order. I'll send you home to your mother, then I'll find that lazy clerk and settle with him. (*exit back of house*)

Zoe. Oh! Charles, I must warn him. (*rushes toward house*)

Enter FLY, from house, she throws him aside, he falls. PET laughs.

Fly. De down fall of Africa. Dat's right, laugh. (*gets up*)

Pet. Why Fly, you're black in the face.

*Fly.* Guess I knows it. I'se been black ever since I'se been born. Say, cook wants you to go down cellar and get dat pail of jelly.

*Pet.* (*coaxingly*) Come with me, will you? I'm afraid to go down in that dark place alone.

*Fly.* Oh! go 'long wid you—stood up like a man, don't be afraid.

*Pet.* No! I'll be brave like a woman—come on, follow me.

*Fly.* Den here I goes. (*exits into house*)

*Enter CHARLES, C. E.*

*Chas.* I wonder where Zoe is? (*looks around*)

*Enter ZOE, from house.*

*Zoe.* Oh! dear Charles. (*rushes to him*) Thank heaven! you are alive.

*Chas.* Well I don't look like a corpse, do I?

*Zoe.* Father is in one of his tantrums again, and is going to discharge you. Come, quick! (*noise heard in house*) Oh! there he comes now—come quick!

*Chas.* No, I'll stand up and face him like a man.

*Zoe.* Oh! dear Charles, come— (*pulls him off L.*)

*Enter PET, from back of house, with pail of jelly—sticks fingers in jelly and licks them.*

*Pet.* What a snap, (*laughs*) and poor Fly, when he got on top of the flour barrel to get this pail from the shelf, the head of the barrel gave away and down went poor Fly into the barrel.

*Enter FLY, from back of house, all covered with flour—PET laughs.*

*Fly.* Dat's right, laugh—heaps of fun falling in de flour barrel. (*Pet laughs and licks jelly*) What for you stick your finger in dat jelly for? Give me some or I'll tell de cook.

*Pet.* Yum—yum—I guess not! (*voice inside house, calls*) Pet! Pet!

*Fly.* Dar's cook calling you now—look out!

*Pet.* (*exit into house, laughing*) I'll tell cook you done it.

*Fly.* Hello! here comes Massa Charles and Miss Zoe. Dey's dead gone on each other. I'll bet dey's had a racket wif de governor. (*goes up L.*)

*Enter CHARLES and ZOE, L. E., arm in arm.*

*Chas.* Well, I suppose its all up with us now. Your father's out of humor to-day, and I think he's seeing how contrary he can be.

*Zoe.* Charles, papa says he is going to send Pet and I to a convent, and discharge you.

*Chas.* What does he want to send you away for?

*Zoe.* I don't know, only he said, the next thing he would hear of, would be a secret marriage between you and me.

*Chas.* By jove! that's a pointer. Let's act upon it immediately, we can be married to-night yet. (*puts arm around her*)

*Fly.* (*aside, sings*) "Put your arms around me honey, even if you have no money, we'll get married just de same." (*comes down c.*)

*Chas.* See here, you black rascal, have you been eavesdropping? Get out of this—come! move!

*Fly.* (*attitude*) No, I've not been eavesdropping, but I dropped in de flour barrel, and den I dropped in here just in de nick of time. Now den, Massa Tanner told me to watch you and not let you know anything about it, so here I is, and where you go, I go too—see!

*Chas.* What! are we to be watched like thieves? *Fly*, listen, how would you like to earn \$5.00?

(*FLY drops on stage as if dead, ZOE and CHARLES rush to him*)

*Zoe.* Oh! Charles, the shock has killed him.

*Fly.* Five dollars! Say dat again, Massa Charles. (*rises*)

*Chas.* I mean what I say. Now if you will assist us, I will give you \$5.00 before morning.

*Fly.* Oh! Massa Charles, is you trying to tempt me?

*Chas.* No, I mean what I say.

*Fly.* Five dollars. (*repeat several times, business ad. lib.*)

*Chas.* Listen then, to-night at 11 o'clock, or after the guests have all retired, you must rush through the house yelling fire at the top of your voice, ring the bells, anything to arouse the guests. I will have everything ready, and while all is excitement, Zoe and I will get married—

*Enter PET, from back of house, and hears last sentence.*

*Pet.* Who's going to get married?

*Zoe.* You too can assist us, *Pet.* (*goes to her*)

*Pet.* I'm going to tell Guardy. (*starts toward house*)

*Fly.* (*gets between her and house, when PET turns to go to house, sees FLY, screams and runs back, followed by FLY, who catches her and brings her down c.*) I guess not! I've getting \$5.00 for dis job, and you don't stick your finger in dis like you did in de jelly. (*PET attempts to scream, FLY puts hand over her mouth*) Now, you keep dat mouf shut and you get some of de \$5.00—see!

*Pet.* (*kicks, bites and scratches*) No sir! I won't—I won't—I'll tell—I'll—

*Fly.* Shut up! (*puts hand over her mouth, she bites it—business*)

*Zoe.* *Pet*, unless you assist and I get married, you know both of us go to the convent.

*Pet.* Your right, cousin, I'll help you.

*Chas.* Then do as *Fly* says, and before midnight—

*Fly.* I'll get my head knocked off my body. (*noise outside*)

*Chas.* There he comes now, all get. (*exunt back of house*)

*Enter TANNER and MCGINNIS, from house, go to table—TANNER L. of table and MCGINNIS R.*

*McG.* Och sure, Mr. Tanner, I'm delighted with the place. You see I was appointed a committee of one to choose a place for my political friends to hold a convention, and of course we want some quiet place where—

*Tan.* There is nothing to disturb you.

*McG.* That's it, the idea exactly—

*Tan.* But McGinnis, I see you have become greatly attached to the place already. There seems to be quite an attraction—eh—something about the house—or in the house—or—that is—

(*laughs, pokes MCGINNIS in ribs*)

*McG.* Hold on Tanner, you'r speaking of—

*Tan.* Yes, of Miss—Miss Jones. (laughs)  
*McG.* Stop right there, that was only a quiet little flirt—  
*Tan.* Yes—I see—I see— (laughs)  
*McG.* Say no more about it—call for a bottle of wine. (both laugh)  
*Tan.* (calls) Fly! Fly!

*Enter FLY, from house.*

*Fly.* Yes, sir!  
*Tan.* Bring me a bottle of—  
*Fly.* Beer?  
*Tan.* No—no—extra dry. (exit FLY, into house)  
*McG.* Yes, I'm double extra dry—you see the weather is extremely hot, and—

*Enter PET, from back of house, backward, jumping rope.*

I don't think a small drop now and then is—is—that is—

*PET with back still to TANNER and MCGINNIS, in jumping rope, throws it over MCGINNIS' head and jerks him off of chair.*

*Enter FLY, from house, with bottle and glasses on tray, she turns and upon discovering what she has done, throws rope over her head and catches FLY, who falls flat—business—TANNER rushes after PET, who runs around and under table—FLY jumps up, gets the bottle and pours contents down MCGINNIS' throat—work this fast.*

### QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

*SCENE.*—Office in hotel—doors R. and L., office furniture, desk, for register, about eight feet long, R., chairs, etc.

*Enter PET, C. E., laughing.*

*Pet.* Guess McGinnis won't torment me any more. I wish Henry was here. I'm so lonesome. (introduce song or dance)

*Enter TANNER, C. E., excited.*

*Tan.* You vixen, you stop that noise, or, I'll wring your neck. Where do you learn those vulgar doggerells?

*Pet.* (dancing) Make 'em up, Guardy, every one of 'em—'ain't I a genius? (dances around)

*Tan.* I don't believe it, you scapegrace. (goes behind desk)

*Pet.* No wonder you don't, seeing there never was a genius in your family before I came, but better late than never—eh—Guardy?

*Tan.* None of your impertinence, Miss. Come here, give an account of your conduct, please—where were you yesterday afternoon—answer me that?

*Pet.* Nowhere, sir! (comes slowly to desk, opposite TANNER)

*Tan.* Don't tell me that, don't tell stories you little sinner—where is nowhere, eh?

*Pet.* Over to Henry's house, across the lake.

*Tan.* What business had you there? Didn't I tell you not to go?

*Pet.* I know it, Guardy, and that's the reason I went.

*Tan.* Because I forbade you, eh?

*Enter MCGINNIS, L. E., goes to chair.*

*Pet.* Yes, sir!

*Tan.* You—you—you—disobedient little hussy, aren't you ashamed?

*Pet.* Ashamed! what of? I wasn't full yesterday. (*aside*) That's a rub.

*MCGINNIS laughs violently, which he endeavors to change to a cough, when PET rushes over to him and pounds him on the back.*

*Tan.* Tell me why you went over there?

*Pet.* Well, sir! I went over with—

*Tan.* With who?

*Pet.* With—ahem—Henry.

*Tan.* You did, eh? Humph—humph—

*Pet.* Don't grieve, Guardy, it might settle in your head.

*Tan.* And may I ask why you went with him?

*Pet.* Ah! (*long sigh*) you know, Guardy, he's my beau.

*Tan.* Your beau—your beau—your beau!

*Pet.* Yes, of course—we are engaged—we are—

*Tan.* Oh, Jupiter! (*comes down to PET*) Pray, Madam, for such you consider yourself, when will you be fifteen years old?

*Pet.* Oh! soon as I can—I don't want to be an old maid like Miss Jones. (*turns and pinches MCGINNIS in side*) Eh?

(*MCGINNIS embarrassed*)

*Tan.* So it seems—you will—o'-the wisp—and now please inform us how the engagement took place.

*Pet.* With pleasure. You see, Guardy, we were over to the hills gathering grapes one day, and we had a splendiferous time and says I, "Henry, ain't this nice?" and says he "yes," and says I, "wouldn't it be nice if we would get married?" and says he, "yes," and says I, "will you have me?" and says he, "yes," and says I—

*Tan.* (*interrupting her*) Ain't we a precious pair of fools—and says he (*mimicking her*) "yes"—Oh! you'r a nice girl, you are.

(*goes back of desk*)

*Pet.* Yes, ain't I now, and as Henry says, when he plays theatre, "Two souls with but a single thought—two hearts that beat as one." Ain't you proud of me, (*attitude*) Guardy?

*Tan.* Proud of you, (*comes down again*) you barefaced little wretch—I'll twist your neck for you yet!

*Pet.* (*runs around R. of table*) Better not, Guardy, you'll be hanged for manslaughter if you do.

*McG.* Sure and you don't call yourself a man?

*Pet.* Well, if I don't—I'm a girl and that's a thousand times nicer than old Miss Jones. (*MCGINNIS rushes off C. E., PET laughing*)

*Tan.* Well, I'll see Henry about this.

*Pet.* You dare not touch him—if you do, I'll—

*Tan.* You—what could a Tom Thumb in petticoats do?

*Pet.* Look out, Guardy, don't call a lady names. What could I do? It takes me to defend injured innocence. (*attitude of defence*)

*Tan.* I can't countenance these proceedings. If you choose to make a fool of yourself, it's no reason why I should.

*Pet.* None in the world, Guardy—nature has saved you the trouble. *(goes toward c. E.)*

*Tan.* *(starts for her)* You little demon, what do you mean?

*Pet.* *(ahem)* I was just observing, sir!—that—that—there comes the stage coach. *(laughs and exits c. E.)*

*Tan.* *(looks off L.)* Yes, there it comes. *(calls)* Fly! Fly!

*Enter FLY, R. E.*

Come Fly, hustle now, here comes the stage coach. I expect several guests on this coach. *(voice heard outside)* Whoa! *(door opens L.)*

*Enter SPORT SPIDER, L. E.—business of shaking hands by TANNER and SPIDER.*

Fly, show this man to room 204. Hurry up now, move lively.

*TANNER goes to desk, FLY grabs SPIDER by coat collar and seat of pants, rushes him to c. E., then comes back, grabs valise, throws it out c. E., crash outside, as SPIDER puts head in at c. E.—business.*

*Fly.* *(turns to TANNER)* Now what?

*Tan.* *(excited)* Go out and get those trunks. *(exit FLY, L. E.)* Oh! that rascal will drive me frantic yet.

*(noise outside, TANNER goes to L. E., looks out)*

*Fly.* *(outside)* What for you drop dat trunk on me?

*Tan.* Oh! such awkwardness.

*Enter FLY, L. E., slowly, with trunk on shoulder.*

Why don't you be more spry? Come here. *(leads him down)* Now listen to me young man—I am disgusted with your actions—you will do different, or I'll discharge you at once. Now hereafter when I call you, drop everything and listen to me. Do you understand?

*Fly.* Yes, sir!

*Tan.* Now take that trunk to Miss Jones' room—*(FLY starts to go out c. E.)* and Fly—

*(FLY drops trunk and lots of female wearing apparell fall out of trunk)*

*Tan.* Oh! my, that will cost you a year's wages.

*Fly.* Look a here, *(comes down)* Massa Tanner, you done told me to drop eberything when you called—dat's what I done.

*Tan.* Yes, but I didn't mean for you to break up everything—I'll get this trunk out of here so it can be repaired at once.

*TANNER grabs up clothes and puts them in trunk and takes it off R. E., FLY in c. E., laughing.*

*Enter MRS. SPIDER, R. E.*

*Mrs. S.* No one here. *(sees FLY)* Ah! just the one to help me. I just met my husband in the hallway up stairs—I am sure it was him. Would you do me a favor?

*Fly.* Dat's what I would.

*(comes down c.)*

*Mrs. S.* Can you keep a secret?

*Fly.* Dat's owing to de kind. *(aside)* Another elopement I bet.

*Mrs. S.* If you was to get paid for it—how then?

*Fly.* Now you're talking.

*Mrs. S.* Then listen—there's a man in 204 who has insulted me. I want your assistance.

*Fly.* Only say de word, I'se yours.

*Mrs. S.* Well, if you hear my bell ring very rapidly, you rush in, grab the man and fire him out, will you?

*Fly.* Dat's what I will. *(bell heard, exit FLY, R. E.)*

*Mrs. S.* So Mr. Spider, this is the way you go on a hunting trip with a lot of friends. Perhaps he is here with some one—I'll keep an eye on him.

*Enter FITZNOODLE, L. E.*

*Fitz.* Ah! my dear, I've been looking the grounds over for you—you don't know how lonesome it is without you.

*Mrs. S.* You flatter me, Mr. Fitznoodle.

*Fitz.* No flattery, I assure you—you adorable creature—

*Mrs. S.* Mr. Fitznoodle, my husband is here, he arrived to-day, and now occupies room 204. He is not aware that I am here, or that I know he is here. You must be very careful, or we will get caught, for he is of a very jealous nature and might kill you.

*Fitz. (frightened)* Perhaps we had better get out of this. *(offers arm)* I wouldn't be caught for the earth. *(as they exit L. E.)*

*Enter MR. SPIDER, C. E., in time to see them.*

*Mr. S. (looks after them)* So this is the way you visit dear papa and mamma, eh? I'll just keep an eye on you for awhile. I'll disguise myself so that she won't know me, and as for that dude, I'll break every bone in his body. *(imitating Frrz)* You'll wetire for the presant. Well, I'll just retire to her room in advance. *(exit C. E.)*

*Enter MCGINNIS, R. E., in shirt sleeves, slippers on, suspenders down, carrying pitcher—looks around.*

*McG.* No one here as usual. *(puts pitcher on desk, looks at register, reads)* "Jno. Tanner, Michael McGinnis, M. P." *(looks up)* Ah! there's a name any man should be proud of, and the owner of it is a man—

*Enter PET, L. E., with lighted lamp, which she places on desk.*

*Pet.* Why, are you a man?

*McG.* Sure I'm not a woman.

*Pet. (c.)* Say, McGinnis, your kinder sweet on Miss Jones, ain't you? *(sits on table)*

*McG.* Well, my little Miss—you—Becky—that is, Miss Jones is now in the prime of life, she is young, rich, accomplished and handsome—

*Pet.* What! handsome?

*McG.* Yes, nature has favored her with a pair of sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks and a form that would put to shame—

*Pet. (jumps down from table)* The feminine sex. Well, I wish you success, McGinnis. *(starts R.)* Good-night! Ta! ta!

*(rushes out R. E.)*



McG. Well, I suppose I'll have to get the water myself.

(*exit C. E.*)

*Enter FLY, R. E.*

*Fly.* I'se struck a gold mine sure—first I help Massa Charles and Miss Zoe to elope, den I keep an eye on dis man, and when I hear de bells ring, rush up stairs and throw him out. (*rolls up sleeves*) Bet \$4.50 someone gets hurt, but I said I'd do it. (*bell rings rapidly*) Dar it goes now.

*Rushes out C. E., noise of scuffling, with an effort FLY throws SPIDER in at C. E. then FLY rushes out L.*

*Mr. S.* I'll murder that black rascal before night.

*SPIDER starts to door L., when FLY opens door, knocks him down—FLY rushes across stage and exit R. E. as SPIDER exits C. E.—work this up and rush it.*

*Re-enter FLY, R. E.*

*Fly.* (*comes down*) Dat's what I call hustling for \$1.50 a week. Now if I could only get hold of dat old maid, I'd do de same to her. (*stage darkens*) By golly, I forgot I'se to holler fire as soon as it got dark. Den here goes: Fire! fire! help! help! murder! Massa Tanner, de house am on fire!

(*business of rushing through house, ringing bell*)

*Enter TANNER, R., 1 E., followed by FLY.*

*Tan.* What's this! the house on fire? *Fly.* run up stairs and arouse the guests. (*exit FLY, C. E., ringing bell*)

*Enter MCGINNIS, R. E., in night shirt, clothes and grip in hand.*

*Miss J.* (*in C. E. in night clothes*) Save me! save me!

*McG.* (*drops grip*) Holly St Patrick, there's me chance—I'm coming my darling to thee.

(*rushes to MISS JONES as she faints in his arms*)

*Enter PET, L. E.—rushes in.*

*Pet.* It's all out, Guardy.

*Tan.* Where is Charles?

*Pet.* Skipped!

*Tan.* Skipped! Where's Zoe?

*Pet.* Ditto.

*Tan.* I see it all—I've been a fool and this is a put up job—I am a fool and they—

*Enter ZOE and CHARLES, C. E.*

*Zoe.* During the fire we improved the opportunity and were married.

*McG.* This is the longest faint I ever seen. Come, my darling, arouse thee.

*Enter FLY, C. E.*

*Miss J. (looks around)* Where am I?

*McG.* You'r under the protection of Michael McGinnis, M. P.

*Fly.* Dey looks like two fairies.

*McG.* Is the fire out?

*Zoe.* Yes, the fire is out and no harm done, and now papa dear, you'll forgive us, I know.

*McGINNIS motions to FLY to come to him and whispers in his ear. FLY goes and gets large cloak and overcoat and gives them to McGINNIS, he puts cloak around MISS JONES and puts overcoat over himself—both come down c.*

*Fly.* Of course, distend de right hand of fellowship.

*Tan. (extends hand to CHARLES)* Bless you my children, and may you live long and prosper.

*Zoe.* And now, papa, as all is forgiven, won't you invite all the guests to an outing on the lake to-morrow, in honor of our marriage?

*Pet.* That's the stuff—a picnic.

*Tan.* All right, notify all the guests to be ready at 10 o'clock to-morrow, sharp, and Charles, you get a good big boat.

*Pet.* And I'll tell cook to get lot's of grub ready.

*Fly.* Dat's de idea, something to eat.

*All form circle and sing, "Love comes like a summer sigh," from Opera of Little Tycoon.*

## CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

*SCENE.—Picnic ground near the Lake—tent R, bench L., long table set, with camp chairs around it—fog horn heard, also singing.*

*Fly. (arranging table)* Here dey come, as merry as bangle bees.

*Enter CHARLES, ZOE, MRS. SPIDER, TANNER and MISS WILLARD, R. E.*

*Chas.* There my dear wife, I think this an elegant place for an outing.

*Zoe.* Yes, indeed.

*Mrs. S. (looks around)* Oh! how delightful! If we don't enjoy ourselves, we alone are to blame. *(goes to FLY)* Fly, mind what I told you, keep an eye open, and if you see that man come here, don't fail to let me know.

*Fly.* All right, Misses, I'se your right hand stand by. Here comes de dude.

*Enter FITZNOODLE, L. E., on wheel.*

*Fitz.* Ah! people, I just arrived, had a glorious ride over the hills. *(sees MRS. SPIDER)* Ah! my dear—do I look fatigued—weally I don't feel so—Fly, take my wheel, please.

*Fly.* Yes, sir!

(FLY *rides wheel off* R. E., MRS. SPIDER and FITZ *go to seat* L. U. E.)

Fitz. Yes, my dear, just the idea, and my dear, don't you know I could enjoy myself any place so long as you were around.

Mrs. S. I'm afraid you flatter.

Fitz. Ah! by George, no tongue could flatter you—you are an ideal woman, just such a one as my dreams have been of, just such a one as thrills my very soul with delight, (*takes her hand*) one who the very angels adore, and if I could only call you mine, I should then be ready to die—

Mrs. S. (*takes her hand away*) So I'm not worth living for?

(*rises*)

Fitz. (*on knees*) Ah! my dear, I did not mean that—I—I—I—only listen to me—say you will be—(*all turn and laugh, FITZ embarrassed, rises and brushes knees of pants*) That horrid bench. Did you notice me fall?

Zoe. Yes, you took quite a drop.

*Enter* FLY, R. E., *big bandage on head, arm in sling, bandage on leg, limping.*

Omnes. What's the matter?

Fly. Matter 'nuff. I took dat wheel out dar and when I wanted to stop, de old ting started right down de hill and nebber stopped till I hit dat big tree at de foot of de hill, den I stopped, but de wheel went on, and de last I seed of it, it was goin for de lake a thousand miles an hour.

Fitz. Oh! my poor wheel!

Fly. Oh! my poor head.

Chas. Fly, how about that dinner?

Fly. Dat's all right, ready to sit down and eat.

Chas. Then come friends, let's eat and be merry. (*all sit at table*)

Tan. Well, let's drink health to the bride and groom.

(*FLY serves wine, all drink—noise of something falling out* L.)

*Enter* HANS, L. E., *clothed in rags, etc., all jump up and scream—FLY on knees, praying, FITZ hides behind* MRS. SPIDER.

Zoe. Oh, how frightened I am.

Chas. (*looks up*) Why, the poor fellow has met with an accident.

(*to* HANS) My friend, who are you?

Hans. Vell I don't know who I am—ven I left home, my name was Hans.

Chas. Hans who?

Hans. Vy, Hens Vondunderblinkenvonhopenstiner.

Tan. How came you in this plight.

Hans. Vell, I was oud mit der field working, ven I feels some-dinks catch me py mine pants behind, den a man in der balloon hallowed at me to grab a root. Now how I vas to grab a root, when I vas in der tree tops, I don't know.

Chas. Well, go change your clothes, then come here and we'll see what we can do for you.

Hans. All right, mine friends.

(*exit into tent*, R.)

Chas. Now, as our dinner has been spoiled, let's clear away the things and enjoy ourselves at something. (*all assist in clearing stage, MRS. SPIDER and FITZ go to bench and engage in conversation*) Miss

Willard, won't you favor us with a song?

*(song or specialty introduced by Miss WILLARD)*

Zoe. *(looks off L.)* Well, if there don't come Pet and McGinnis.

*Enter MCGINNIS, L. E., with PET in baby cab.*

Pet. You—you—you—thought you was smart by going away and leaving me at home.

Tan. Well, we thought we could have one day's peace.

Zoe. I suppose the next thing primpy Miss Jones will be coming along.

McG. Och! it's meself that's after being late getting here—sure and I couldn't be here until I got here, and I couldn't get here till I was here—bad cess to me laziness, but a slight accident delayed me.

Omnes. Accident!

McG. Yes, of course. Does ye see this new suit of clothes. Bad luck to the tailor—if he didn't shave from the cloth and add to me bill—quinsequently when I put it on, it fit like a No. 8 foot in a No. 5 shoe. I went to pay the man and I dropped a \$50.00, I mean a \$5.00 bill, and as I stooped to pick it up, rip—whiz! bang! went the stitches. "What is that?" says I—"only a slight rip" says he—"tar and feathers" says I—"stand still" says he, "and I'll fix you up." There I stood for three solid hours like a cigar sign, and every man that came along, would hold his pipe to my nose to get a light—then the tailor took an immersion—and—

Chas. You mean an insertion—

McG. Yes, I guess so—then the dirty spalpeen charged me \$2.50 more.

Chas. Why, what was that for?

McG. For the insertion to be sure.

MCGINNIS turns back to audience, shows piece of cloth sewed in seams of coat—all laugh.

Zoe. He loo'ks like Joseph with a coat of many colors.

Fly. Like de old free cent postage stamp.

McG. Look out, nagger, no insinuation remarks, sir! or I'll send you to the house of representation for 10 years. *(to Miss WILLARD)* Arrah! me darlint, you look blooming as a shamrock in spring. Sure it's meself that wishes someone had sent ye a kiss through me.

Zoe. Mr. McGinnis, by an accident our dinner has been spoiled, so we will enjoy ourselves the best we can—won't you sing us a song?

McG. Och! don't be after askin' that.

Omnes. Yes—yes—a song.

McG. Well, sure I'll do the best I can for the ladies.

*(song, "That Little Black Mustache," or any specialty.)*

*Enter HANS, from tent in German attire.*

Hans. Vell, der I got me mine clothes on—und—ah ladies—pleasantly—dundering hot day, I don't know vot you dink apout dot balloon rite pisness. I never tried dot pefore in mine life. Oh! my goodness, but dot did make me sick. *(puts hand on stomach)* I loose me mine dinner in dree—do—minutes—I dought I'd trow up mine—

Zoe. }  
Miss Willard. } Sir! (turn and walk away)

Hans. I wonder wot's de matter mit dem.

Miss Willard. You will confer a favor by changing the subject.

Hans. Yes, dot's so—I just sing you a song. (song "Hendrick")  
Hans—at end of song, HANS looks off L.) Dunder und blixen! look dar!  
dot balloon vos coming back here. Look out everybody.

Miss Willard. Why, what is it? (all look off L.)  
(looks off L.)

Zoe. Only a cloud of dust, I think.

McG. Holy mother! that beats all the sights I ever seen.

Fly. For de Lord's sake! dat's a sure live ghost—bet \$4.50.

Pet. Let's get out of this, I'm afraid. (all move to R.)

Tan. (looks off R.) Oh! look here, there's a Gypsy camp over there. (points R.)

Miss Willard. Ah! let's all go and get our fortunes told.

Zoe. All right, come on. (exeunt R. E., except MCGINNIS, who hides)

Enter Miss JONES, L. E., dressed very gaudy and very large hoops.

Miss J. (looks around) Yes, this must be the place. Wonder where everybody is? I think they acted rather sly in going away and leaving me. I wonder where McGinnis is—he certainly came with the crowd. Ah! he is such a nice man—what a fine couple we would make—Mrs. McGinnis. I wonder why he don't pop, it's not for the want of a chance, I'm sure—but I shall feel so shocked to see him after meeting him at the fire last night. (sighs) But I've fallen a victim to his charms—I'm in love. Oh! I had such a lovely dream last night. I dreamed that I was a beautiful Princess, when suddenly a noble Prince appeared attired in gold and jewels—he kissed me and as I looked up into his face, it was Mr. McGinnis.

McG. Mr. McGinnis, you'r a blackguard if you spoil the delusion—you are the Prince and there is the beautiful Princess. Go, do your duty.

MCGINNIS goes to MISS JONES and kisses her cheek, she turns the other cheek which he also kisses.

Miss J. Oh! Mr. McGinnis, how you frightened me! How could you do such a thing? That's robbery.

McG. Then I'll be an honest thief and put them back again.

Miss J. Oh! don't—don't you dare to! Mr. McGinnis. It's strange what an interest I take in you. (aside) There's a chance for him.

McG. (aside) I wish I had the courage to ask her to a boat ride.

Miss J. I never felt toward any man as I do toward you.

McG. (aside) McGinnis, wake up, be a man—now's your time to speak. What's on your mind? (aloud) Miss Jones, I've a request to make of ye—ye will pardon me boldness, but—(aside) How the devil will I ask her.

Miss J. (aside) It's coming now, he's going to pop sure. (aloud) A request to ask of me? Go on, Mr. McGinnis, it is granted before you ask.

McG. I'm not so sure, but ye'll take offense at me boldness in askin' a woman of your standing to—to—(aside) I'll ask her now if I die.

*Miss J. (aside)* Poor fellow, he's embarrassed. Why don't he go on. I'm sure someone will come and spoil it all.

*McG.* Miss Jones—Miss Jones—I mean—I ask your pardon for me boldness, but—

*Miss J.* Go on dear—I mean Mr. McGinnis. You may call me Becca.

*McG.* Well then, Becca, you've been very kind to me since I came here, and I appreciate it, I do, and so if you'll have me as—as—

*Miss J. (throws arms around him)* Have you—you old darling—of course I will! Oh! I'm so happy, Mr. McGinnis. Oh! my dear, I never dreamed when I left Vermont, that I should return home a wife.

*McG.* Yes, but Miss Jones, hold on a minute.

*Miss J.* Yes, darling, I will hold on until—

*McG.* But ye don't know what ye'll have me for.

*Miss J.* Yes, McGinnis, for better or worse.

*McG. (aside)* McGinnis, you've got both feet in it sure. *(aloud)* But Miss Jones, you see my political friends are coming here from the city next week to have a sore eye—and—and—I was about to ask you if you would have me—have me—for—an escort.

*Miss J. (surprised)* An escort! is that all?

*McG. (aside)* "Is that all?" does she want the earth? *(aloud)* Sure that's all.

*Miss J. (sobbing)* Oh! my poor deluded hopes blasted once more. Oh! Mr. McGinnis, how could you be so cruel?

*McG. (aside)* There I've done it sure, a political picnic is no place for a woman. *(aloud)* Miss Jones—Becca—no I mean Miss Jones, I humbly ax your pardon for shaking your poor weak nerves so. I—I—excuse me ma'am—I will go to—no, I won't either, I'll take the first stage for the Fijee Islands. *(exit L. E.)*

*Miss J. (sobbing)* Oh! my poor fluttering heart.

*Enter FLY, R. E.*

Mr. McGinnis, if you haven't the courage to speak, I will. McGinnis, I love you, my own—*(turns, not seeing FLY and puts her arms around his neck—business)* I know what you would ask, you want me to be your little wife, don't you darling?

*Fly. (aside)* By golly, she takes me for de Irishman. *(aloud)* Yes, yes, my darling, I am yours for life—look up, darling.

*(she looks up, discovers FLY, screams and faints in his arms)*

*Enter TANNER, HANS, MISS WILLARD, CHARLES, ZOE and PET, L. E.*

*Omnes.* Why, what's the matter?

*Fly.* Matter 'nuff. For de Lord's sake, take her away.

*(all assist in arousing MISS JONES)*

*Zoe.* Why, what's the matter, Miss Jones?

*Miss J. (sighs)* Oh! I was so frightened when Fly came in here unannounced.

*Fly.* Yes, she took me for a ghost.

*Enter KID, R. E., disguised as a Jew peddler, putch on back, goes to PET, takes off whiskers.*

*Kid. (aside to PET)* Pet, do you know me?

(puts whiskers back on again)

*Pet.* (aside to *Kid*) Why Henry, is this you?

*Kid.* (aside to *Pet*) Yes, I wanted to come to the picnic, so I assumed this disguise; don't give me away. (turns to rest) O xense dis intrusion mine friends, but maybe you want to buy somedings sheep. (unpacks bundle) Dere vas some fine laces for de ladies, five yards in a piece, and only a half a dollar—you like him?

*Omnes.* No, we don't want anything.

*Kid.* No—vell den I show you some nice sockspenders, vill stretch a mile. (stretches them at arms length and knocks *FLY* down) Varranted to last forever, (aside) if you don't wear dem.

(throws them over *FLY*'s neck and jerks him up)

*Fly.* We don't want any of dem.

*Kid.* Ah! ladies, look of dose, (holds up hose) streaked and striped, varrantod not to rip, ravel nor run down in der heel. (holds pair up to *Miss Jones*) All sizes. (she turns away) Ah! too large? Hold on, ma'am, I have all sizes—a fit varrantod or no sale.

(all laugh at *Miss Jones*)

*Fly.* By golly, dem's nice!

*Kid.* No vant dem—all right—den maybe you (to *Zoe*) vant some fine soothing syrup?

*Fly.* Dat's good to keep in de house.

*Chas.* (angry) No, we have no use for it.

*Fly.* (reaches over and gets doll baby out of park) Dat's de stuff dat 'll go wif de syrup.

*Chas.* Come, get out of this, we don't want anything.

*Kid.* But, mine—

*Chas.* Fly, throw him out of here—anywhere—in the lake.

*Fly.* (business) Come 'long herel

Work this up—*FLY* drags him to c. and throws him out, then throws his traps after him—all run to shore c., laughing—*exeunt L. E.*

*Enter McGINNIS, R. E.*

*McG.* I guess it's safe to venture in for a minute. In my hurry to leave I forgot— (feels in pocket)

*Enter Miss JONES, R. E.*

*Miss J.* You'r a mean contemptable thing, so you are!

*McG.* I'm not, Becca.

*Miss J.* Don't Becca me—don't dare to contradict me—you are—

*McG.* Becca, you'r right, I am—or—

*Miss J.* Oh! what a fool I am.

*McG.* You'r right—you'r right—no—no—your wrong—sure you are.

*Miss J.* Insult added to injury—oh! that I should have lived to see this day! I wish I was dead. (sobbing)

*McG.* So do I—so do I—

*Miss J.* How dare you?

*McG.* Oi didn't mane that—Oi mane—oh! Oi don't know what Oi mane. I'm distracted sure. (aside, looks L.) And there they come back—sure I'm in for a breach of promise. (aloud) Becca—dear Becca—how can ye trate me so, whin Oi love ye? (puts arm around her) Oh! Becca, me loife, forgive me darling—I know ye love

me—don't deny it—will ye be me wife?

*Miss J. (aside, laughing)* That's more like business.

*McG.* Say, you forgive me?

*Miss J.* Oh! McGinnis, I was not mad at all, I loved you all the time.

*McG. (aside)* For an illegant first-class double breasted liar, recommend to me an old maid.

*Miss J.* And do ye love me sure.

*McG.* 'Tis more than love.

*Miss J.* Then take to your arms your own sweet Becca. (*business*)

*Enter TANNER, CHARLES, ZOE, PET, MRS. SPIDER, FITZ, MISS WILLARD and FLY, L. E.—all rush in on them—MISS JONES and MCGINNIS embarrassed.*

*Fly.* Look out for anodder 'lopement now.

*McG.* Friends—you see, Miss Jones got some dirt in her eye, and—

*Miss J.* Yes, and Mr. McGinnis kindly offered his assistance.

(*MRS. SPIDER and FITZ go to seat and engage in conversation*)

*Zoe.* Miss Jones, we waited a long time for you. Now that you are here, won't you favor us with a song?

*Miss J.* What! me sing? (*business*)

*McG.* Yes, to oblige (*she looks laughingly at him*) the ladies.

*Miss J.* Well, I'll try. (*sings some song, after song*)

*Enter SPORT SPIDER, R. E., disguised as a tramp, intoxicated—all appear frightened*

*Mr. S.* Don't be frightened (hic) my dears, I won't bite or kick—I'm only one of the 400 out rusticating. (*sees his wife and FITZ, aside*) Ah, ha! at it again. (*aloud and excited*) There it goes, see it. (*draws large revolver*) No, that's not it.

*Chas.* What are you looking for?

*McG.* Trouble?

*Mr. S.* A wild beast; I tracked it here and then lost sight of it.

*Fly.* Yes, I seed it go down to de lake.

*Mr. S.* Yes, there it is now—help me quick!

*SPIDER fires pistol—all shriek—FITZ crawls under bench, FLY falls c., all excited, SPIDER rushes out c. E.*

*Fly.* I'se a dead nigger, sure.

*Chas.* That man is crazy and should be taken care of. Let's go after him.

(*all rush out c. E. except MRS. SPIDER and FITZ, FITZ still under bench*)

*Mrs. S.* I wonder where Mr. Fitznoodle is? (*FITZ coughs*) Oh! what was that?

*Fitz.* (*sticks head out*) Here I am, my dear.

*Mrs. S.* (*laughs*) Why, Mr. Fitznoodle, what in the world are you doing under there?

*Fitz.* Has that horrid creature gone yet?

*Mrs. S.* Why yes, come out from under that bench.

*Fitz.* (*comes out*) Ah! my dear, do you admire my courage?

*Mrs. S.* Your courage?

*Fitz.* Yes, when that horrid thing came, I concealed myself under that bench, ready to spring upon the villain in case he harmed you.



*Mrs. S.* How very thoughtful of you, Mr. Fitznoodle. I now believe you would sacrifice your life for me.

*Enter SPORT SPIDER, C. E., unseen by them.*

*Fitz. (on knees)* Ah! my dear, I would more than do that, I'd—I'd—

*Mr. S.* You'd what! (*grabs FITZ by collar*) you cur, and you, (*to MRS. SPIDER*) this is the way you treat your victims, is it?

*Mrs. S.* Sir! who are you—and how dare you?

*Mr. S.* Who am I? I am your husband.

*Mrs. S.* Sir! I don't know you. Leave, or I shall call for help!

*Mr. S.* Call, Madam, call or I shall, and you— (*to FITZ*)

*Fitz.* My dear, protect me as I did you.

*Mrs. S. (aside)* Wonder where Fly is?

*Enter FLY, C. E.*

(*aloud*) Just in time; call in assistance and put this tramp out.

*Mr. S.* No, Madam, I have trapped you at last—you are caught in your own web.

*Mrs. S. (calls)* Help! help!

*Enter CHARLES, ZOE, PET, MISS WILLARD and HANS, C. E.*

*Chas.* There he is now, grab him!

*Mrs. S.* This man is—

*Mr. S. (throws off disguise)* The husband of that woman who is playing the part of an adventuress. She left home telling me she was going to visit her parents. I suspicioned all was not right and followed her here, and have caught her in company with this thing.

*Mrs. S.* There are always two sides of a story. He told me he was going on a hunting expedition with some gentlemen friends, (*Mr. SPIDER surprised*) but instead, came here—an eye for an eye, say I, and these people can pass their own opinion.

(*FLY sings "Kiss and let's make up my darling"—exit L. E.*)

*Zoe.* Let the past be forgotten and start life anew.

*Mr. S.* Then my dear wife, if I have wronged you in any way, or pulled the wool over your eyes, I ask your forgiveness.

*Mrs. S.* I grant it, but only on condition that you be friends with my old class mate, Mr. Fitznoodle. (*songs can be introduced here*)

*Enter FLY, R. E., excited.*

*Fly.* You'se a nice lot of people, you is! What for you make me frow de kid in de lake?

*Omnes.* The kid!

*Fly.* Yes, dat was de kid disguised as a Jew peddler and dar he is (*points out R.*) drying his clothes. Come on and see him.

(*exeunt L. E.*)

*Enter MCGINNIS and TANNER, R. E.*

*Tan.* McGinnis, I noticed you out riding with a fellow awhile ago.

*McG.* Yes, I'll tell you of a bit of a surprise I have for her, for

*Becca.* What do you think I have bought for her?

*Tan.* I can't say.

*McG.* That pony.

*Tan.* Is that so?

*McG.* Yes—it's—the—a mare—and the sweetest little animal ye ever sot eyes on;

*Enter MISS JONES, L. E., unseen.*

her hair is as soft as silk and her big brown eyes are beautiful.

*Miss J. (aside)* Who can McGinnis be talking about?

*Tan.* What's her name?

*McG.* Sure it's the swatest name ye ever heard of—she's called—  
called Daisy Bell. *(both laugh)*

*Miss J. (aside)* Oh! a woman—I knew it—false man again—he loves another—Oh! that hussy, Daisy Bell.

*McG.* And ye should see her legs, so small and as straight as an arrow, and the smallest little foot ye ever saw.

*Miss J. (aside)* Oh! the deceitful wretch! and to think that I should fall in love with him. Oh! I hate him—I despise him!

*McG.* I'll be after bringing her down here next week.

*Tan.* That's good, we'll take her out together, eh?

*Miss J. (aside)* Oh! you old hypocrite!

*Tan.* Well, Miss Jones will be quite surprised sure—does she suspect nothing?

*McG.* She's as unexpected as to what's going on behind her back, as a new born babe.

*Miss J. (aside)* I can stand this no longer. *(comes down c., aloud)*  
'Tis false, you wretch, I know all!

*Tan.* She's vexed, McGinnis, she's vexed!

*McG.* Vexed! Heaven defend us from her anger. *(to MISS JONES)*  
Becca, me—own—darling—

*Miss J.* Don't darling me—you monster—I never want to see your face again! Oh! that my love should have so shameful a return. *(paces stage frantically—MCGINNIS and TANNER on each side of her, trying to pacify her, she takes no notice of them)* What a fool I was to think that a man loved me—just let me lay hands on that Daisy Bell, I'll scratch her eyes out. I'll teach her a lesson. Oh! my young life is ruined. Oh!—oh!—  
*(exit R. E.)*

*TANNER and MCGINNIS continue to pace stage, then stop and look at each other.*

*Tan.* McGinnis, you'r a fool.

*McG.* I know it—it comes natural to me—I was born that way.

*Tan.* That woman is under some awful delusion, and it's your duty to find out what's wrong with her.

*McG.* Ye don't know her—when she's in one of her tantrums, she's dangerous.

*Tan.* McGinnis, are you afraid of a woman?

*McG. (attitude)* Afraid, did you say? Michael O'Rafferty McGinnis, M. P. of the 13th Ward, afraid of a woman! *(laughs)* Ye make me laugh. Watch me beard the lioness in her den. *(starts off—hesitates—looks back at TANNER)* By the way, Mr. Tanner, I've the best joke ye iver—

*Tan.* No time for jokes—pacify your intended first. *(exit L. E.)*

*McG.* Well then, here goes! *(looks R.)* Ah! here she comes back.

*Enter* MISS JONES, R. E.

*Miss J.* McGinnis, my darling, forgive my blind jealousy, but the thought that you loved another, almost broke my heart, and I thought that—that Daisy Bell was a woman.

*McG.* Say no more about it me precious—it showed how much ye cared for me, darling.

*Miss J.* (*throws arms around his neck*) Oh! my Michael!

*McG.* Oh! me lump of sweetness! (*embrace*) Once more me goddess. (*embrace*) And now for the tiger, me queen. (*embrace*)

*Enter* PET, L. E., *plus card on* MCGINNIS, *steps back and coughs, he and* MISS JONES *start.*

*Pet.* Miss Jones, you are wanted. (*exit* L. E.

*McG.* All right, darling, we come. (*exunt* L. E.

*Enter* PET, L. E., *backwards, laughing.*

*Pet.* There he goes! (*laughs*) Oh! see that Dutchman kick him. Ah! here they come. (*exit* R. E.

*McG.* (*outside*) Look here Dutchy! sure a wink is as good as a nod at a blind horse.

*Enter* MCGINNIS, L. E., *backwards, with a card on his back on which is printed "Kick me."*

I'll be after putting you to sleep.

*Enter* PET and FLY, R. E., *see card - business of looking at card.*

*Pet.* Give it to him.

*Fly.* Dat's what!

(*FLY kicks* MCGINNIS, *then turns and enters into conversation with* PET

*McG.* (*turns quickly and strikes at nothing*) By the powers, I bate the loife out of that Dutchy.

*Enter* HANS, R. E., *backwards, looking up, runs against* MCGINNIS, *both fall - business of getting up as if to fight.*

We are at swords point—one of us must die—choose your weapon.

*Hans.* Brick bats at 40 paces.

*McG.* Very well, a brick is an Irishman's best friend.

*Hans.* It is, eh! then take one. (*strikes him with paper brick*

*McG.* (*falls*) The downfall of Ireland.

*Hans.* (*puts foot on* MCGINNIS' *breast, strikes attitude*) E-pluri-bus—unum—I'm sick send for, McGinnis. See—nix and say nit.

*Enter* all CHARACTERS, C. E.

*Chas.* Come! come gentlemen, such actions are very ungentlemanly in the presence of ladies. (*attempts to separate them—business*) Come, shake hands and be friends once more.

*McG.* I'll do it.

(*shakes—while they are quarrelling, FLY climbs up tree, unnoticed*

*Zoe.* Oh! here comes the boat.

*All rush to C. E. except HANS and MCGINNIS—HANS turns to go, when FLY hits him on head, HANS turns to MCGINNIS.*

*Hans.* Look here, McGinnis, vot for you do dot?

*McG.* Do what?

*Hans.* Hit me on my head.

*McG.* I didn't.

*Hans.* You did—you'r a—

*McG.* Look out Dutchy, don't dare to insinuate. (*starts of, FLY hits him on head*) Again we are enemies. (*business of taking off coat*) Dutchy, you hit me.

*Hans.* Nit.

*McG.* But sure and I seen you. (*both advance towards each other and meet directly under FLY*) Now Dutchy, I'll not stand it.

*Hans.* Den sit down, or I knock you down.

*FLY hits both at same time, MCGINNIS and HANS look at each other in surprise.*

*McG.* (*casting eyes in tree*) Say, Dutchy, come here! (*both walk to front confidentially*) Dutchy, there's a nagger up the tree.

*Both look for something to throw, when FLY comes down, and they grab him as PET and MISS JONES come forward.*

*Pet.* No you don't hurt him.

*Miss J.* Mr. McGinnis!

*Chas.* (*comes forward*) Come! come, gentlemen, this is ridiculous!

*Miss J.* Michael, show your manliness.

*McG.* (*about to show fight*) Sure and Oi will.

*Miss J.* No! no! no! no more of this! The boat will soon be here and you must be my escort.

*McG.* Ah darling, sure and Oi will.

(*fog horn heard*)

*Omnes.* There's the boat.

*All form circle and sing any good-night song or have fancy dance as curtain falls.*

**CURTAIN.**

**THE END.**

## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Lawn at "Drop Inn"—Pet and Kid—"Gee whiz, you don't like me no how"—Tanner, the proprietor of "Drop Inn"—"Say, Guardy, did you eat any blind robins?"—Fly—Henry is stage struck—William Shakespeare, "You know Willie, don't you?"—Pet and Kid torment Fly—Dem skeeters mighty bad around here"—Fly plays a trick on them and gets even—Tanner and Zoe—"What! my daughter marry a hotel clerk?"—Fritz—"Well I nevah, he takes me for satan—Mrs. Spider—An easy catch—"By George, dead mashed on me, deuced clevah girl"—Pet and Kid paint a monkey face on Tanner's bald head—Charles proposes for Zoe's hand, but is rejected by her father—Fritz tries to flirt with Pet—"Porter, erase the country soil from my clothes"—Fly, the tonsorial artist—"What you want, bobtail, four-in-hand or pompadour?"—Fritz and Mrs. Spider—The arrival of guests—Miss Jones, the unprotected female—Tanner and Fly have trouble with her luggage—Michel O'Rafferty McGinnis, M. P., from the 13th ward—Pet and Kid quarrel—"Young lady, I'll send you to a convent"—"I won't go, so I won't"—"De downfall of Africa"—Charles and Zoe plan an elopement and offer Fly \$5.00 to help them—"O! Charles, the shock has killed him"—McGinnis hunting a place for a political convention.

ACT II.—Office in Hotel—Pet—"I wish Henry was here, I am so lonesome"—She tells Tanner that she is engaged to Kid—"When will you be fifteen years old"—"As soon as I can"—"Ain't you proud of me?"—You littl wretch, I'll twist your neck"—Another guest—Mrs. Spider discovers that the latest arrival is her husband, Sport Spider—"So this is the way he goes on a hunting trip"—"Fire! Fire!—A put up job by Charles—He and Zoe are married during excitement—Miss Jones faints in McGinnis' arms—"The longest faint I ever seen"—Dey look like two fairies."

ACT III.—Picnic ground near lake—Mrs. Spider on the lookout for her husband—Fritz noodle arrives on his wheel—Flirtation continued—Haus, the tramp—"Dunder und blitzen, dot baloon vas coming back here"—Miss Jones, who had been left at home, arrives, looking for McGinnis—"Ah! he is such a nice man, what a nice couple we would make"—"McGinnis, your a blackguard, if you spoil the delusion"—Miss Jones tries to encourage McGinnis to propose—"Oh! my poor fluttering heart"—Kid comes to the picnic disguised as a Jew—McGinnis proposes—Sport Spider discovers Mrs. Spider and Fritz—Looking for trouble—"You are caught in your own web"—"Forgive me"—You'se a nice lot of people, you is"—Miss Jones jealous—"Oh! that huzzy Daisy Bell"—"Heaven defend us from her anger"—McGinnis and Miss Jones make up—"See that Dutchman, kick him"—"Brick bats at forty paces"—Downfall of Ireland—Dutchy, there's a bagger up the tree--Song--Curtain.

## —X—

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; c., Center; s. s. [2d E.] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. c., Right of Center; L. c., Left of Center.

R.                      R. c.                      c.                      L. c.                      L.

\* \* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

L. of C.

# LITTLE GOLDIE;

— OR —

## The Child of The Camp.

A Western Comedy Drama in 4 acts, by Charles O. Willard, for 11 male and 3 female characters. Time 2 hours

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The picnic near the "Black Hawk's" cave—The lawyers and Mike—Little Goldie has fun with the Judge—Mike makes love to Matilda—The Judge is appealed to—Matilda and the Judge—Joe arrives late—The Captain of the Black Hawks shows up—Tells the gang a story—Old Jones is rich—The plot—Peter's meets old Jones—The struggle—Little Goldie to the rescue, backed by the Judge and his cannon—"It wouldn't do in this glorious climate of Colorado."

ACT II.—The Col. and the Maj. lament the escape of the Black Hawks—The Judge gets drunk—Mike tells some news—The boys "lay" for the school teacher—The school teacher arrives—A female!—The Judge makes a speech—Joe drops in and cuts them all out—Matilda and the Judge—Mike gets mad—The Capt. of the Black Hawks again—Little Goldie at her pranks, has trouble with Godfrey—Joe interferes—The Col. and Maj. get in their worst—Judge tries to escape from Matilda—Mike helps him out—The recognition—The story—I will be there—The quarrel—"Drop that knife, or I'll fill you full of holes."

ACT III.—The home of Edith—Matilda tells a little gossip and departs—Joe calls and tells Edith of his love—The Judge hears him refused—Joe departs—The Judge tries his hand—Matilda unexpectedly returns—The Judge in a fix—Little Goldie again—A new baby—Godfrey calls on Edith—The promise—"So will I"—The Col. and Maj.—Mike happens along—The Judge takes a hand—Little Goldie looking for Joe—Handsome Harry—"I'll play this alone if I die for it"—Near the Black Hawk's retreat—The Black Hawks—Godfrey waiting Edith's arrival—Edith arrives—"Never"—"Then go where you belong"—Handsome Harry to the rescue—"Defend yourself"—Harry is overpowered—The fate of a traitor—Goldie to the rescue—The terrible fall of Godfrey.

ACT IV.—Bummer Jones' (George Winfred) home in Denver—Mike Flynn in command—The reformed Bummer—The letters—The letter from the nephew—The nephew arrives—Godfrey as a "Missionary"—The uncle writes a letter dictated by the nephew—The arrival of the Judge—The murder—The Col. and Joe—Godfrey's claim—Mike tells what he heard—Godfrey accused of murder—"His child and the heiress is dead"—The heiress found is Little Goldie—Handsome Harry—Godfrey cheats the law—Edith and Joe—Unexpected arrival of Matilda—Happy finale.

Price 25 cts.

## The Old Wayside Inn.

A drama in 5 acts by J. E. Crary, for 9 male and 6 female characters. Time of performance 2 hours.

ACT I.—The Wayside Inn—Storm on the Moor—Arrival of Lady Arley and infant daughter—Lill Beckwith warns her—"It is death to remain longer"—Arrival of Jack Beckwith—Murder of Lady Arley—Lill saves the child.

ACT II.—A lapse of fifteen years—Lill and Gypsy—The dying woman—"I am not your mother"—The secret revealed—Jack arrives—A death bed—Jack's despair—Gypsy discovers her mother's papers, which reveals her mother's history—Bart Juan and Jack meet—"I know your secret"—"My silence is, the hand of Gypsy"—Bruce Stilwell—Lost on the Moor—Seeks shelter, and is warned by Gypsy—His escape—Jack's oath at his wife's grave—Murder of Jack and abduction of Gypsy, by Bart Juan and his men—Bruce discovers Jack in time to learn of the abduction—Death of Jack.

ACT III.—The Irish and Dutch Detectives—"Ish dot so?"—Home of Lady Stilwell—The compact between Bruce and his mother—"I love Gypsy Beckwith"—Pat and Fritz—Cave of the Robbers—Washington dances at the point of a revolver—Gypsy's escape—Oath of vengeance.

ACT IV.—Bruce discovers Gypsy as an Actress—I shall never marry my cousin Gerty—Bart Juan and Bruce—The duel, in which Gerty meets her death.

ACT V.—Lady Stilwell's attempt to discover the heiress—Bruce and Gypsy—The proposal—Happy ending.

Price, 15cts.

# Katie's Deception;

—OR,—

## The Troublesome Kid.

---

Farce in 1 act, by W. L. Bennett, 4 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of playing, 30 minutes. A bright sparkling farce for amateurs. Good negro character. Farmer from "Way back" answers Katie's matrimonial advertisement. Characters are all good. Price 15 cents.

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## Our Family Umbrella.

A Comedietta in 2 acts, by E. E. Cleveland, 4 male and 2 female characters. Scenery interior. Costumes modern. The old man character is excellent, is always buying umbrellas, but never has one when needed. Amateurs will find this a good after-piece. Price 15c.

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## Yacob's Hotel Experience.

Farce in 1 act by B. F. Eberhart, 3 male characters. Time of playing 20 minutes. This will make a good after-piece. The dutchman is immense. His experience in a first class hotel is uproariously funny—

## HOME RULE.

A Charade in 2 scenes, by the author of Yacob's Hotel Experience, 8 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 20 minutes. Price 15 cents.

---

## Joan of Arc Drill.

A Spectacular Shepherd drill for 8 to 16 girls, by B. F. Eberhart. This drill is simple and easy to get up, requiring no scenery, can be produced indoor or out, no special music is needed in the march. Costume, Shepherd girls dress girls carry a Shepherd's crook. A diagram gives the line of march, so it is easily understood. Ends with a tableau of Joan of Arc at the stake. Price 15 cents

# TRIXIE;

—OR—

## The Wizard of Fogg Island.

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A drama in 3 acts by Bert C. Rawley, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Costumes to suit characters. Time of playing, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

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### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I. *Scene I.*—Webber mansion—Mr. and Mrs. Webber discuss the future welfare of their son, King—King and Jennie return from a pleasure trip—The Wizard's prediction—Anthony Webber makes a discovery—The secret—"There is only one witness to my crime!"—A glimpse of the past—The fatal card—"I must find a way of escape." *Scene II.*—Fogg Island—The Wizard's cave—Little Trixie—A song brings fond memories—A discontented lady—A father's good advice—An Irishman's idea—The lost locket—The loser loses his head. *Scene III.*—Webber mansion—Terry and Penny Ante have an interview—Surprised—Father and daughter—The sacred promise—The living witness—The Wizard appears.

ACT II. *Scene I.*—Wizard's cave—Terry and Penny arrive—Penny's libber out of order—The Wizard's soliloquy—Trixie and the wounded man—The dismay of the Wizard—King Webber—Terry is puzzled—Clifford Ellison arrives—His resolve—A glimpse of the past—"Who is this man?"—The attempted murder—Trixie on deck—Foiled. *Scene II.*—(Lapse of one month)—Webber's mansion—Penny's disordered libber—Terry's little scheme—Ellison's presentiments—Mother and son—A mother's pleading—The secret—"It is murder, my son!"—The Wizard appears—"No, my friend, your father is innocent"—May God bless you."

ACT III.—Webber mansion—The answer given, "No!"—Ellison threatens—Despair—The evidence destroyed—"Warner Webber lives!"—Foiled—Jennie's flight—The Wizard's Daughter—United at last.

Price 15cts.

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## A \$10,000 WAGER.

Farce in 2 acts, by I. M. G. Wood, 4 male, 2 female characters. Time, 30 minutes. Miss Clara Farly, Judge Flint's niece, wagers \$10,000 that he will give his consent to the marriage of his niece, Minnie, to Walter Bland, whom he has refused to accept as her suitor. The means she takes to obtain the wager is very amusing. The characters are all good, will make a good after piece. Price 15c.



NEW MILITARY ALLEGORY!

# SPY OF ATLANTA

A Grand Military Allegory in 6 acts, by A. D. Ames and C. G. Bartley, 14 male, 3 female characters, with as many supernumerary ladies and gents as the stage may afford room for. This great play is founded on incidents which actually occurred during the war of the Rebellion—it introduces Ohio's brave and gallant McPherson—the actual manner of his capture and death is shown. It abounds with most beautiful tableaux, drill, marches, scenes upon the battle field, in Anders-ville, etc., and is pronounced by press and public, the most successful military play ever produced. G. A. R. Posts, Military Companies and other organizations, who may wish something which will draw, should produce it. It may not be out of place to add that this play with the incidents of the death of the gallant McPherson, was written with the full consent of the General's brother, R. B. McPherson, since dead, who fully approved of it. Below will be found a synopsis of incidents, etc.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

### ACT I.

Home of Farmer Dalton. "Don't talk politics." The dinner hour. News from Fort Sumter, and call for 75,000 men. Quarrel of old friends. "They hung traitors in former times." Oath of vengeance. The patriotic Dutchman. His wonderful story. Husband and wife. "Go, and may God bless you." Little Willie. "Dot dog. The Dutchman organizes a company. Parting of lovers, and "parting forever." "Country fir t and love afterwards." Schneider, the Dutchman, and his new company. He means business and shows his "povs" that he understands military business. Enticing. Schneider and his company sign the rolls. The Daltons. "Husband must you go?" Duty. Little Willie. "Please mother, may I go?" Presentation of the flag. Parting of loved ones.

### ACT II.

Camp by night. The letter from home. Army duties. Songs and merriment. Tenting on the old camp ground. Inspection of the regiment. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from Atlanta. A brave man required. The dangerous mission. Promise of promotion given by McPherson. Departure of the spy. The Confederate camp. Capt. St. Clair's soliloquy. Plotting. Pete. The old Negro is used rather roughly. Father and son. The man who stutters so badly. The discovery. A spy. Do your worst, you cowardly traitor. Pete makes himself useful. No chance of life. Thrilling tableau and capture of St. Clair. Escape of St. Clair. The pursuit. Generals McPherson and Sherman. News from the front. McPherson preparing for battle. Firing on the left. I must at once ascertain the cause. The Rebel squad. McPherson's danger. "Halt and surrender." The fatal shot. "It is General McPherson; you have killed the best man in the Union Army."

### ACT III.

Return of the spy. Sherman hears of the death of his friend. The enemy's lines in motion. The long roll and general engagement.

### ACT IV.

Battlefield by night. "Water! I am dying for want of water." Little Willie. The traitor forgiven. Edwin and Willie are made prisoners. The discovery, and renewal of the oath of vengeance.

### ACT V.

Andersonville with all its horrors. Hope of being exchanged. The last crust of bread. St. Clair informs Edwin of the arrival of his wife. Fears of inanity, and prayers to God for reason to know her. The maniac. "Oh brother, don't you know me?" I am your brother Willie." Maud arrives. Terror on beholding her husband. "He must know me." The picture. The recognition of the picture, and "you are—no I can not be wrong, you are Maud, my wife, thank God." Villainy of St. Clair. The cry for bread. Bravery of Willie. The fatal shot, and death of the brave boy. Madness. The curse. "Boys, let us pray that this may soon end." The rescue.

### ACT VI.

News of the surrender of Lee. The new love. The vacant chair. Happiness of Pete. Return of the boys, and joyful meeting of loved ones.

**PRICE 25 CENTS PER COPY.**

# Miss Topsy Turvy.

—OR—

## The Courtships of the Deacon.

**A Comedy in 3 acts, by B. G. McFall, for 4 male and 4 female characters. Costumes modern. Time of performance 2 hours.**

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TOPSY TURVY,.....	<i>Nellie Clarendon.</i>
MAY GOLDEN,.....	<i>Topsy's cousin.</i>
MRS. CLARENDON,.....	<i>Topsy's mother.</i>
MISS SPRIGGS,.....	<i>Topsy's governess.</i>
LORD CLARENCE,.....	<i>A rich Englishman.</i>
FRANK GOLDEN,.....	<i>May's brother.</i>
DEACON JONES,.....	<i>Pillar of the church.</i>
NED,.....	<i>Servant.</i>

### SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

**ACT I.**—Mrs. Clarendon's parlor—The Deacon almost proposes to Miss Spriggs—Topsy Turvy interrupts the scene and shows up a little of the Deak's character—The second rascal appears—"That's the bombardment of Santiago"—Poor Miss Spriggs resigns her position—"Oh Heaven, what now! It's Topsy Turvy"—The thunder storm arouses uncanny feelings in the Deacon's mind—The ghost—Ned arrives—"Dis yere's a b-b-bug house, sah"—The ghost and the Deacon—The two rascals appear—"Golly, where dat skale-wag ob a gal ebber is, ebber t'ing just don get topsy turvy, suah's yo' born."

**ACT II.**—Arrival of Lord Clarence—Miss Spriggs has troubles of her own—The two rascals hold a council of war—Ned hears his sentence—"Iz a gone coon suah's youh born"—One proposal interrupts another—"Do you mean to say that you didn't say what you just said you didn't say, say?"—Miss Spriggs consents to fill poor Jennie's place—Another trick on the poor nigger—Topsy Turvy makes friends with Lord Clarence—Deacon and Miss Spriggs are married and the poor nigger excites the angry passions of the bridegroom.

**ACT III.**—Ned makes a contract with Lord Clarence—May's jealousy gets the better of her good sense—Ned in trying to fill his contract, falls into the hands of his tormentors—"You chullins don't play fair, no how"—A trick on the nigger—Mrs. Jones begins to think marriage is a failure—Topsy gives her a lesson on how to manage a husband—Mrs. Jones demonstrates the lesson—Frank and Topsy witnesses the Deacon's surrender—Ned explains the situation to Lord Clarence—May talks unguardedly—Mr. and Mrs. Jones's visit rudely terminated by one of the rascals—May goes to meet her fate, but fate comes to meet her—"Golly, where dat skale-wag ob a gal ebber is, ebber t'ing just don get topsy turvy, suah's yo' born."

Price 15 cents.

## POPPING THE OUESTION.

Farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone, for 2 male and 4 female characters. Plays 40 minutes. Parlor scene. It is an exceedingly neat farce, easy to play, and always brings down the house. Requires no scenery.

Price 15 cents.

# HAL HAZARD; OR, THE FEDERAL SPY.

*A Military Drama of the late war of the Rebellion, in four acts,*

**BY FRED. G. ANDREWS.**

This drama is a great success, and is published now for the first time, from the author's original manuscript. There has been a demand for a play which could be used by Grand Army Posts, Military Companies, etc., which would be effective, and yet not difficult to represent. This want Hal Hazard will supply.

It has eight male characters and three female. A few soldiers both U. S. and C. S., may be used, but there is no elaborate drill or difficult stage business to try the patience of the manager. It takes from 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  to 2 hours to present it.

The leading character is a double one—"George Clarendon," who assumes the character of "Old Hal" a very deaf and shrewd old man, who is equally at home in the Confederate or Federal Camp. As the Spy he is always on hand at the proper time, and always comes out ahead in all places where his services are needed. The other characters are all good, consisting of a captain and lieutenant in the U. S. Army, and four Confederates. Generals Sherman, Stoneman and Garrard are represented, but may be omitted if desired. There is also an excellent Leading Lady, Old Woman and Negro Comedy Woman.

Those who order and produce this play will be more than pleased.—Price 25c.

*"Simply Immense!" is the verdict of every company which produces it, and every one who reads it! Two hours of continual screams of laughter!! The funniest of all modern comedies, entitled,*

## AN AFFLICTED FAMILY;

**OR, A DOCTOR WITHOUT A DIPLOMA,**

*BY MALCOLM S. TAYLOR.*

There is always a demand for a Play which is funny, and written in such a way as to be easily represented as regards scenery, and not too difficult in its representation. This Comedy will be found all that is desired. The following is a description of the characters:

C. Crotchet,	.....	a retired merchant, sick in the spleen.
B. Frizzy,	.....	a barber addicted to punning and scrapes.
Dr. G. Linton,	.....	a practical physician, troubled with patients.
L. Staple,	.....	a young merchant, subject to bashfulness.
Clarence,	.....	a student, inclined to ale.
John Henry,	.....	a man servant complaining of nothing to do.
I. Seizer,	.....	a constable, used to take away bad effects.
Mrs. Crotchet,	.....	an invalid, ill with nervousness.
Daisy, her daughter,	}	both affected with a disease of the heart, called love.
Dolly, her niece		
Dorothy,	.....	a maiden aunt, afflicted with deafness, knitting, and a poodle dog.
Betty,	.....	a maid servant, suffering out of sympathy for Frizzy.

Each one of the above characters is worthy the talent of the best comedy representatives, either in or out of the Profession. Amateurs especially will find the Play eminently suited to their wants. It is in four acts, each act consisting of only one scene. The costumes modern, and scenes all interiors, enabling companies with a limited stock of scenery to produce it easily. Nothing like a description of the ludicrous and laughable situations can be given here—but we can truly assure our friends that nearly every speech is a signal for rars of laughter and rounds of applause. If you want something pathetic don't send for it, but if you desire fun from the rise of the curtain on the first act, till its fall on the last act, you may be sure of not being disappointed if you order this. Price 15 cents per copy.

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We are now putting up our lights in tin boxes, expressly to go by mail—each box contains enough material for one light, with a fuse for lighting, and full and explicit directions for burning them. These lights are not excelled by any for brilliancy—they burn steadily and slowly—they do not contain a particle of sulphur, and are free from offensive odors, and are sure to give perfect satisfaction.

Do not ruin your tableaux by an inferior light when it is so easy to procure good ones. Price 25 cents per box.

# Under the American Flag.

*A Spanish American Drama in 4 acts, by Hilton Coon, for 6 male and 3 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours and 15 minutes.*

## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.— Home of General Romero F. Nerverra, Manilla—A prisoner of war.

ACT II.— Ramparts of the Fort de Santiago—The escape.

ACT III.— The same—The bombardment of Manilla.

ACT IV.— The land of the free— Patrick O'Roogan's home near Fort Hamilton, Cal.— Two weeks later. Price, 25cts.

## WHO'S WHO; OR ALL IN A FOG.

A farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams, for 3 male and 2 female characters. Costumes modern. Time for representation 40 minutes. The series of amusing situations are brought about a number of cases of mistaken identity. Everybody is mistaken; everybody else, and the complications arising are extremely laughable. The characters are all capital, and the piece never fails to divert an audience. Price, 15c

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A farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone, as played at the Park Theatre, N. Y., for 2 male and 4 female characters. Time of playing, 40 minutes. The entanglements in which an amorous, elderly gentleman finds himself because of his roundabout way of "popping the question," are deliciously funny, while the culminating scene between himself and the two old maids is one of the most comical things ever witnessed. Easy to play, and always brings down the house. Requires no scenery. Price, 15c

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## "Switched Off,"

BY LIZZIE MAY ELWYN.

Author of "Dot, the Miner's Daughter," for 8 female characters can double to 6. Parlor scene. Time of playing, 25 minutes. Marsh advocates the moderate use of liquor—her daughter, home from school, hears of her mother's views, and with friends, decide to switch her off the whiskey track, with two Irish servants. They show up the moderate use of the only safe way. Grandmother Taylor, a strong temperance, speaks her mind freely. The result is that all sign the temperance pledge. A tip top farce—full of fun—characters all good. Price, 15c

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Uncle	1	73	Cousin Josiah	1	1
Uncle	1	74	Capul's Capers	1	1
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Uncle	1	79	Dutchey vs. Nigger	1	0
Uncle	1	80	Dutchman's Picnic The	1	0
Uncle	1	81	Dutch Prize Fighter	1	0
Uncle	1	82	Dr. Baxter's Servants	1	0
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Uncle	1	91	Hash	1	2
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165	Persecuted Dutchman .....	6	3	tor's Office .....	1	2	
86	Professional Gardener .....	4	2	453	Haunted House .....	2	0
406	Poor Piney .....	2	3	24	Handy Andy .....	2	0
302	Pat McFree .....	7	3	236	Hypochondriac, The .....	2	0
412	Popping the Question .....	5	1	282	Intelligence Office, The .....	3	0
276	Printer and His Devils, The .....	3	1	319	In for It .....	3	1
150	Quiet Family .....	4	4	361	Jake and Snow .....	2	0
160	Regularity .....	6	4	88	Mischievous Nigger .....	4	2
180	Ripples .....	2	0	256	Midnight Colie .....	2	1
144	Rough Diamond .....	6	3	128	Musical Darkey .....	2	0
264	Room H. .....	2	0	64	Not as Dead as He Seems .....	2	0
345	Rascal Pat, That .....	3	2	352	Nobody's Son .....	2	0
446	Ruben Ruben .....	2	1	244	Old Clothes .....	3	0
68	Sham Professor, The .....	4	0	234	Old Dad's Cabin .....	2	2
26	Spellin' Skewl, The .....	7	6	246	Othello .....	5	0
209	Santa Claus' Daughter .....	5	7	297	Pomp Green's Snakes .....	2	0
147	Sewing Circle of Period .....	0	5	134	Pomps' Pranks .....	2	0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinaflore .....	5	3	258	Prof Bones' Latest Inven-		
59	Somebody's Nobody .....	3	2	tion .....	5	0	
324	Strictly Temperance .....	2	1	177	Quarrelsome Servants .....	3	0
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241	Struck by Lightning .....	3	2	133	Seeing Bosting .....	3	0
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1	Slasher and Crashers .....	5	2	243	Sports on a Lark .....	3	0
305	Stupid Cupid .....	4	0	92	Stage Struck Darkey .....	7	1
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413	Switched Off .....	0	8	408	Those Awful Boys .....	5	0
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330	Two Gentlemen in a Fix .....	2	0	246	Vice Versa .....	4	0
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166	Texas Mother in Law .....	4	2				
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312	Uncle Ethan .....	4	3				
269	Unjust Justice .....	6	2				
243	Vermont Wool Dealer .....	6	2				
7	Wonderful Telephone .....	3	1				
332	Which is Which .....	3	3				
151	Wanted a Husband .....	2	1				
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40	Which will the Mary? .....	2	8				
145	Widower's Trials .....	4	3				
44	Waking Him Up .....	1	2				
455	Why They Joined the Re-						
	formers .....	0	4				
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